

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

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## IS THIS JESUS?

**RESTORING  
THE FAITHS OF  
THE PAST**





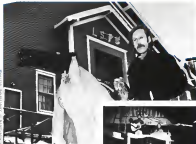


# Culture on the rock

When the four members of The Wonderful Grand Band recorded their first album this year—a mix of traditional Newfoundland fiddlers and their own songs—they worked at Cade Sound Studios in St. John's, Newfoundland. The facilities were basic ("Do another take, boys, there's a plane landing in the driveway") but the choice of an eight-track local studio over a 24-track Toronto outfit was typical of many other high-calibre Newfoundland performers. It used to be that talented people left, new, more and more, local performers with the talent and opportunity to build a wider audience prefer to stay based in Newfoundland. The new genre includes other bands such as the long-established Ryan's Fancy and Piggy Duff as well as "alternat" theatre groups such as CIOCO (now dispersed and working on individual projects, but one of the pioneers of the new mood), the Mammars Troupe of Newfoundland and the Rising Tide Theatre.

There is some anxiety here with the surge of creativity. Quebec fancies the idea. "It's funny, but I've always felt most comfortable outside Newfoundland in Quebec," says Deena Butt, one of the stars of *Giddy, What's a Tron?* a Rising Tide production set to tour the provinces (Maclean), Nov. 27. "There's an energy and a spirit, a love, people there that is very much like what we have in Newfoundland."

Over the past six years, Butt has worked on and off with the Mammars and elsewhere in Canada. She was wide awake in *Terra's Creed*, a one-woman show at Montreal's Centaur Theatre, and spent a summer starting in Shakespeare for Flux and Piggy at Theatre Passe Muraille in Toronto. But moving is out of the question. "If I can't make a living in the theatre in Newfoundland I'll leave the theatre," she says. "I'm not opposed to working off the island, it's healthy and can be very interesting. But one of the ways we're trying to deal with the isolation factor is by bringing people in to work with us, as well as working outside the province cur-



Director Brookes and (right) the Mammars performing 'This Club Sucks, Don't They?'

selves." The move toward importing instead of exporting talent is related to a change in the audience at home. "The difference I see in terms of our audiences in the last two or three years is phenomenal," says Butt. "We used to have academics and people who were visiting or who had moved here from away. Now you're getting Newfoundlanders coming to see Newfoundlanders."

Chris Brookes, who runs the Mammars Troupe, has been involved in devising shows around local issues, often for outport audiences. Two Mammars shows—*What's That Got to Do With the Price of Fish?* and *This Club Sucks, Don't They?*—went on successful national tours. And early in December, he



sign that the new cultural identity is not defensive but expansive, Brookes organized a symposium to bring people from small theatres across the country together. "People who are trying to use the medium in effect or reflect political, social and economic changes." Funded by a nearly \$4,000 federal grant, it only amounted to a dozen people who met in an office at a union hall down by the waterfront, but it made the point that "independents" found themselves suitably nurtured in St. John's, creating a new avenue of co-operation. Thunder Bay, Ontario's Kamikah, for instance, wants to organize an alternate-theatre festival for 1981.

The first Newfoundland new-theatre group to form mainland heads was the satirical group CIOCO (several former members are now laboring on a feature film, called *The Adventures of Pashan Biddoo*, they hope to finish it by 1980). Then the five-piece folk-rock band Piggy Duff went west and found fans



Kelly Russell (left) of The Wonderful Grand Band with co-bandleader Deena Ryan. Local albums, including (bottom) Ryan's Fancy

quickly. Last spring they opened the Chatham's concert at Massey Hall in Toronto and they have played the big clubs there as well as international folk festivals. Their manager, John Parsons, says Piggy Duff doesn't have to leave Newfoundland to make it. "They've spent three years collecting their music—traditional Newfoundland music. With this kind of music, and this kind of commitment to it, if you stay away from here too long, you lose something. The band gets re-emergent here when it comes back off a tour." During the first half of December, Piggy Duff toured N.C. with a Christmas show, then came home to tour its own version of what the Mammars have been doing every Christmas—moving the city at night in the company bus, looking for homes with Christmas parties going on, where the Mammars will enter to perform.

It's the Newfoundland energy that seems to be the key, however hard it is to define. Deena Ryan, of the band Ryan's Fancy, describes the efforts. "We used to live in Toronto. Then we moved to this beautiful land. We haven't felt the need to move back." With its album, behind them, a new era due in March and a CBC special in the works, Ryan's Fancy remains home-based but well-connected to the rest of the country. Not everyone, of course, feels there is enough scope in the province. Beth Harrington has left the province because "I wanted to transfer myself a songwriter and a composer, and you really have to be more in the stream in St. John's, there's only so much you can do. So migrate it, or it outgrows you."

Ken Hyman, a songwriter for the Wonderful Grand Band (Vally got one of his songs, *Scout's Dream*) lived in Toronto for seven years, came back and plans to stay. "Newfoundland has always been subjected to Canadianization and Americanization, in terms of culture and music. But we're starting to develop our own styles. The rest of the province don't have as much to draw on, which is one of the reasons we want to have ourselves in Newfoundland. I think Newfoundlanders have a stronger sense of who they are, and where they come from."

The circuit has always been condensed from Toronto," says Parsons. "Well, we're trying to start our own circuit, and there's no reason other people can't follow." **Robert Plunkin**

Newfoundland actress Butt, nearly invisible



Deena Ryan, Kelly Russell, Ryan's Fancy

# A brand-new, improved 'rafshooned' president

Among Washington's power elite the darkly handsome Gerald Rafshoon is known as "Rafshoon" in a way it is justified, for he has been given complete and ruthless control of President Jimmy Carter's public image. Evidently that has meant tinkering with policy. Confronted with the impression of him, Rafshoon runs a hand through his black curly hair and denies that he and the mad monk have anything in common. "I am not a mad-monk," he says. Then he laughs. He is trying to play down his role in the White House. His ultimate success, he knows, depends on



Rafshoon and the old, 'ordinary guy' Carter (left), transformed into the bill-winning, 'testosterone' Carter (right)

Middle East and the arms in Iran. No one pretends that the 44-year-old advertising man from Atlanta knows much about foreign affairs or is even concerned with the rights and wrongs of domestic issues. He is simply an expert at making Carter look good.

The dangers are obvious, the president may be tempted to swap substance for style. But Rafshoon plays them down. "I don't think you can make a person's image, in itself," he says. "You can define it, perhaps, and I try to do that, but you can't make it up out of whole cloth. My job is to help articulate and explain the central themes of Jimmy Carter's presidency. But I'm not a policy type and I certainly don't make the decisions. If ever told the president to veto some bill for the sake of his image, he would laugh at me."

That said, it is instructive to look at events Rafshoon joined the president's inner circle of advisers just six months

ago, at a time when Carter was running threateningly low in the popularity polls. Capital Hill had just sent a controversial defense authorization bill down to the White House. Carter didn't like it because it contained funds for a new nuclear reactor that he opposed, but he was prepared to sign the bill because he feared the political consequences of a veto. Enter Rafshoon. He urged the president to go ahead with a veto—it was just what he needed to help him look stronger in the public eye. "The president was leaning that way anyway," Rafshoon says now. "And when Jimmy Carter follows his instincts he does well."

If Rafshoon had not been there the defense bill would probably have passed and, rightly or wrongly, the United States would now be building a nuclear aircraft carrier. That is the sort of power the president wields.

There have been many other subtle ways that the



Rafshoon influence has been implemented. Earlier this fall, domestic policy chief Stuart Eizenstat recommended that the president announce personally the new proposal for \$250 million in benefits for Vietnam-era veterans. Rafshoon stamped on that idea. He argued that Carter should not get personally involved because it was a "no win" situation—veterans' groups were sure to attack the program for falling short. So Vice-President Walter Mondale was trotted out to present the plan, and when the veterans began screaming that it was "too little and

too late," Mondale, not Carter, got the flak.

Rafshoon is prepared to sacrifice anyone to help the president. When he first arrived he found that Carter's chief adviser on women's issues, the feisty Midge Costanza, was causing trouble by generating publicity on controversial issues such as the laws concerning abortion and homosexuality. Almost at once Rafshoon cancelled all of her pre-arranged television interviews and had her move into a tiny basement office. As a result, Costanza resigned. Then three of the president's top speechwriters resigned in November after Rafshoon insisted on going over all their work and changing it without consultation. He has replaced them with his own men.

On a more visible level, Rafshoon has also persuaded the president to re-introduce some of the trappings that were dropped when Carter first came to the White House and wanted to give the

impression that he was "just an ordinary guy." For the first time since the inauguration the band is playing *Hail to the Chief* when the president approaches, and long black limousines are back in use.

Since Rafshoon took over, the president's popularity has spiked its decline, then climbed impressively. Was he responsible? "Nonsense," he says with a snort. "It was Capt David and the good news we caught in Congress, not anything I did." Nevertheless, he shoulders an acknowledgment that he has been credited with being the guiding hand—some say evil genius—behind much presidential action. As *The New York Times* pointed out recently, his name has become a verb. To "rafshoon" something in Washington today is to politicize it for the image it would create. Congressman who lose battles with the White House often claim they have been "rafshooned."

His current salary of \$54,000 is small

compared to the \$235,000 he took out of his two companies, Gerald Rafshoon Advertising Inc. and Rafshoon Communications, in 1977. "But when the president called me I felt that I had to answer," he says. "How can you say 'no' to the White House?"

The closeness of the Carter-Rafshoon relationship, first in Georgia and now in Washington, is particularly significant. "During the primaries," says former campaign worker Jack Kaplan, "Jimmy used to take a lot of the credit for Jerry's victories. And one night he was doing just that at a party. Then he looks over his shoulder and sees Jimmy Carter. So Jerry lifts his glass toward Carter and says, 'But we wouldn't have done a thing without you, Jimmy!'"

"After the election, Jerry gets a letter from Carter, which reads, 'I'll always be grateful for being part of the triumph of the Rafshoon agency.'"

William Lowther

## Lucid in the sky with neon: the Times Square poet

Artists who think big usually think in images, not words. Konrad Zuckowski, for instance, has spent the past 31 years dominating South Dakota's Thunderbolt Mountain into the likeness of Chief Crazy Horse, wings-outstretched by the artist. Chris Gasta's work has included a huge orange dragon that zigged and zagged twice in Rialto, Colorado, and a 24 1/2-mile nylon fence that zigged and zigged through northern California.

But unless you catch the white ink that splat out "HOLYMACOS" in the hazy world of L.A., the highest, brightest messages are the work of New York poet Vincent Gasta. Once a month he strolls the streets of Manhattan on a 40- to 20-hour screen high above Times Square as illuminated for 10 minutes, when a new Gasta poem is "published" by 492 neon light bulbs.

This month's poem, the ninth in a planned series of 12, proclaims "If you look up there's a star with a face like yours."

The 39-year-old Gasta, says that Jean Cocteau's movie *Orfeo* inspired him. "Orfeo wanted to get messages over the gods and the gods to do something with electric media kind of stuck in my brain," he explains. "A lot of poetry doesn't talk to anybody anymore. Poetry has really had a bad press. We've turned it

over to the newscasters and professors. I want to have poetry reach a mass audience." Lesser than Times Square, you cannot get.

Gasta is a published poet, as well as a playwright and actor. "I guess you could call me a Renaissance man like the Venetians or Shakespeare," he laughs. "I mean they're the ones to model yourself on, aren't they?" So far his exorbitant fee for his work—undergone the same agonizing process as the poems, and so he also earns money as a house painter.

Gasta's verses are all growing. His previous poems on 42nd and bumper stickers, people skydiving in the air, or embossed on banners that would have over crowded beaches on hot summer

Gasta in Times Square with (above) some lines from his wide-screen poetry



days, "or for some dreamers, the fantasies were in bright neon lights, word sculptures to sit on top of the stereo speakers. And I goes without saying that Gasta also has his eye on New York's tallest building, the home-landed World Trade Center. I would be a simple matter, according to Gasta, to use lighted windows to turn letters, to spell out the words of another truly public poem by the Shakespeare of Times Square.

Rita Christopher



# Building for the world we live in.

## Toyota versus the economic problem.

Automobiles have become indispensable to everyday life. As society evolves so does the need for automobiles. At the same time we are acutely aware of the urgent need to conserve the earth's limited natural resources. And so the need for economy in automobiles becomes correspondingly more important.

Just imagine what we all are up against. Motorists must bear the burden of increased cost of cars, in

addition to the increased price of petrol. Add to that the rising charges for maintenance and service. And the automobile industry suffers from

*Study of gas flow in cylinder to seek more efficient shape for combustion chamber.*



increased costs for raw materials and rising labor expenses.

What, then, is an economy car? Naturally, it must provide good mileage and economy. And it must also be ruggedly built to last, yet it must also be easily maintained. It must be easy to operate and perform well. A car must be designed and built as a total, balanced economic unit. We believe that this is the 'economy' car which motorists and society honestly require.

At Toyota, we are keenly aware of such needs; our research and development staffs are currently involved in many, varied projects that are aimed at just that.

For example, as well as developing an engine that provides better combustion using low grade petrol and an efficient power transmission system, we are experimenting with a material that would effectively replace metal and be both lighter and longer lasting.

The pursuit of economy by Toyota is not something begun today, but initiated over 40 years ago when the first Toyotas rolled off the assembly line. This is because Toyota's philosophy is to build a car from your point of view. And this policy will never change as long as Toyota makes cars.

CELICA LIFTBACK



# TOYOTA

People who care building for people who care

# A whole new dimension to Western hospitality



Western restaurant owner Umberto Menghi and two of his restaurant cronies wanted to get in a little hunting in the mountains. They drove to an isolated wilderness camp and began to unload provisions for a four-day stay. Before the widening eyes of their guide who produced two hares, a leg of lamb, two strains strips, cold lobster, coffee beans, a grinder and drip suit, cognac, nine cases of wine and sternware to drink it in. Unfortunately their carving peck horse couldn't carry it all so they were forced to lag the balance of the guests' bounty to a cabin at 11,000 feet. (The guide, recalls Menghi briefly, carried a peanut-butter sandwich and an apple.)

That took a couple of years ago represented a rare vacation for the charming Menghi, at 32 owner of the elegant Il Giardino and according to longtime

Menghi in his new Il Palazzo bank club

restaurant critic Alex MacGillivray, "Vancouver's outstanding restaurateur." Typically, however, Menghi took his work with him and, even more typically, he took the friends who worked with him as waiters at the Hotel Vancouver in the 1960s and now own restaurants and bistros which, in the last 18 years, have transformed Vancouver into a restaurant town of exquisite style and variety.

At the forefront of this culinary blossoming is Menghi and particularly his Il Giardino. A sloping, tile-roofed structure styled after an Italian country inn, it has become Vancouver's Courtyard Cafe where fashionable diners drift through lunches of pungent antipasto and further Tuscany real on a wave of chilled white wine and Perrier.

It is a sweet achievement for Italian-born Menghi, who came to Canada for Expo after being a waiter on the Channel Island of Jersey, then odd as his employers for Mocha's door-to-door when swifling jobs subsequently dried up. Swifling, snagging and given to velvet jackets and apron-neck silk shirts, Menghi allows himself self-mocking laughter as he recalls his magnetism in the West Coast. "I thought cowboy boots and a Western shirt for the trip," he snorts, "and was very disappointed when I got off in Winnipeg and saw cars instead of horses."

Landing in Vancouver in 1968, he worked as a waiter at the crucible of Vancouver's restaurant owners' club, the Hotel Vancouver, before opening a string of four restaurants in advance of Il Giardino in 1975. Giardino was only the first among dozens of European restaurants such as Toulouse-Lautrec, Papillon and Au Cade de Paris that appeared in the 1970s, restaurants with owners who knew one another, hant and drink together, even intimately.

Says MacGillivray: "If you want success to credit for the fact that this has become a great restaurant town, you can thank the federal government's immigration policy." Besides the European bistro explosion, there are today 300 Chinese restaurants in the Vancouver area, some of which many consider superior to those in San Francisco. There is a plethora of trendy Greek restaurants spearheaded by burly, bearded Aristoteles Pappasakis, 38, whose sprawling Orestes on West Broadway lighted Greek food and drink when it opened more than five years ago, spawning some 45 imitators on the Lower Mainland. The new restaurant, Stratos, close to the False Creek fishing docks in downtown Vancouver, features seafood served in a huge multi-level space broken by granite stacks and jutting balconies. Other more traditional top-tier restaurants such as Benvenuto's William Tell, Bud Kenzie's seafood house called the Cannery and the cool, New York sophistication of River Avenue have also combined to tempt Vancouverites to spend

almost twice as much in restaurants (15.4 per cent of disposable income as opposed to 9.4 per cent) as their Eastern brethren. (To just drink and be seen, however, the Four Seasons airy elegant garden bar has supplanted the Bayshore Inn's Marine Lounge.)

Reasons given for the boom are as disparate as the city's restaurants. Menghi simply says Vancouverites are travelling more and leaving their suburbanites. "When I first started I earned good but customers turned up then none. Then I changed the name of the dish in 'Florentine Breads' I sold out every night." Another restaurateur, who keeps anonymity ("Some of these guys are mad"), says "people out and spend time in restaurants here because there's nothing else to do. The clubs in this town tend to be pretty sleep."

Vancouver native MacGillivray speculates it is because "it has always been so easy to 'go downtown' in this city, it was what everyone did, every weekend."

Whatever the reason, the current highlife is the budding Vancouver restaurant scene in the courtly Menghi. Since now with a house he shares with his wife in beautiful Deep Cove outside Vancouver, a winning semi-pro soccer team called the British Columbia and a red Ferrari 388 GTC, he is still not content and has quietly opened Il Palazzo in the cool marble interior of a former downtown Vancouver bank. Serving light Florentine cooking beneath a 17th-century chandelier and freshly painted frescoes in a vaulted ceiling, Menghi has guests who book in advance picked up at their door in a stretched, limousine-gray Continental and delivered

to Il Palazzo where they are greeted almost every night by Menghi. The food is superb, the atmosphere slightly frosty and the tab colossal. Menghi knows that in Toronto, Vancouver, both political and financial, is transacted daily on the soft banquettes of John Arena's Winston's. In Vancouver, these deal-makers remain hunkered down in the dim dining rooms of the Vancouver Club (owners) and the Terminal City Club (senior managers). He also knows that traditionally Il Giardino plays No. 2 in national restaurant guides to Winston's No. 1. Is Menghi's Il Palazzo taking aim at Arena's plush Eastern institution? After a valuable pause for luxury and good manners, the long eyelashes flutter open. "You bet," says Umberto.

Thomas Hopleins

## Drapeau's latest vision: chips ahoy

Mayor Jean Drapeau and an Arab shrewd got their way. Montreal's waterfront will become the site of the world's biggest floating card game. With Drapeau's blessing, Saudi Arabian businessman Akram Oghri has asked the Quebec government to allow him to buy the island luxury liner France up the St. Lawrence River to berth at Montreal where it would become a hotel and gaming casino. The most elegant liner still afloat—the 96,000-ton vessel has been anchored at La Havre since 1974, when the French government decided that the prestige of having the world's greatest passenger ship was not worth the cost. It sold the France to the Saudi investment company Société de Technologies d'Azad-Garde for \$20 million last year.

At first, the France's new owners planned to anchor the ship off Beauport, as the Lebanese capital devastated in the country's raging civil war they decided to search out prime waters. Drapeau, always on the lookout for yet another grandiose scheme to enhance Montreal's world reputation, jumped at the chance, and even the Parti Québécois government has backed the plan, seriously pushing to have its option

ready by the end of January.

If they get go-ahead, the ship's owners must from remove both the heavy engine and the funnel to clear the shallowies of the St. Lawrence channel and slip under the bridges between Quebec City and Montreal. But there are other problems, too, for instance Montreal already has many more hotel rooms than it needs and the provincial government has to decide course

legal before the liner can drop anchor. But Quebec Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau has put revenues that he has ordered a study of how casino gambling could be introduced to Quebec. One of these casinos might or might not be the France," Parizeau said coyly.

So far federal authorities appear sympathetic to the scheme since the ship would complement the waterfront revitalization.



Drapeau and his dream boat, the liner France: scheme with a built-in gamble

ation already under way. And for Drapeau, it's another flashy venture that, this time, has the gambling spirit built right into the premises. David Thomas





charges that he won't speak up for Canada, Joe Clark will have to avoid any fatal mistakes. His first gamble of the new year is a candid-where-the-furrows affairs won't matter as long as he projects as



Image of statesman is waiting

Clark's strongest asset remains the economic situation and the image that the Liberals are incompetent to do anything about it. The forecasts are not promising. The Conference Board, not noted for doom and gloom, last revised its forecast on slow growth for

Clark: sorry for making to avoid mistakes



next year down to 3.4 per cent, which is well below Finance Minister Jean Chretien's projected four to 4.5 per cent.

In the face of government restraint and inflation, major conferences are expected in 1979 as more than a million workers liberated from controls come back to the bargaining table. The Conference Board wants that any acceleration of wage demands beyond 8.7 per cent—the board forecasts inflation of 7.8 per cent—could erode the competitive trade position Canada gained by the depreciation of the dollar. The anticipated U.S. economic slowdown will

be an additional deterrent.

As political milestones, there is the prospect of up to an provincial election. In British Columbia, where a vote is expected in the spring, B.C. Premier's Socialists are favored over Dave Barrett's New Democrats. In Alberta, an embattled Peter Lougheed is expected to survive handily. In Newfoundland, Tory Premier Frank Moores' fortunes are on the rise, along with the economy, and he is expected to captain next fall, especially if the Liberals are well waiting in Ontario, New Brunswick and P.E.I. election prospects will be determined by the unpredictable quakes of minority government in the first and by razor-thin majorities of two seats in the others.

It is, in sum, a year that promises significant change in national affairs and the crystallization of some development trends, notably closer scrutiny of public spending and wider application of Auditor-General J. J. Macdonell's insistence on mulling for many years after the public trough. If Trudeau survives, first as leader, then as prime minister, it will be a year of ups and downs. Even if that is indeed the look of '79, even the Toronto Argonauts could be contenders. **Robert Lewis**



## Ottawa

### Parliament holds a close-out sale

When the government brought its legislation to end back employment insurance before the House of Commons last week for final approval, the New Democrats vowed to block it "every step of the way." It did not turn out to be much of a filibuster. By week's end, with the help of a fern of clauses, the bill had been passed by the Commons, by a vote of 184 to 95, and the MPs had departed on a month-long Christmas recess.

For the government, it was a satisfying conclusion to a surprisingly productive 10 weeks since Parliament resumed session Oct. 30. After Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau called off a full general election, thereby forcing the MPs to come back to Ottawa one more time before the vote, there had been predictions of a rancorous parliamentary session with a great deal of shouting and little substance. But the government was determined to prove that the process it had made in a flurry of announcements in the summer—labelled "a new game" by Conservative leader Joe Clark—were genuine. And the Opposition Conservatives, leading in the polls, were now interested in presenting themselves as an alternative government than in opposing government legislation. Thus, several major measures as cutbacks in baby bonuses, increases in old-age pensions for the needy and



Stevens: caught in the crossfire

introduction of a tax-credit scheme for low- and middle-income families were passed quickly and quietly.

The exception was the unemployment insurance bill, which will cut off benefits for an estimated 250,000 potential recipients and save the government almost \$1 billion a year when fully implemented. The Conservatives, in a surprise move, decided to oppose the bill after an internal fight that pitted MPs from the depressed Atlantic region, where unemployment insurance is a vital form of income, against Territories MP Sinclair Stevens, the party's in-

fluential finance critic. Not surprisingly, the New Democrats also opposed the legislation. When the bill was brought back to the Commons for final approval after five weeks of debate in committee, the New Democrats introduced no fewer than 50 amendments and gave assurance they would talk at length on each and every one. But the government quickly countered with a series of 45 amendments known as House of Commons Rule 19C, and the debate was forced to a conclusion after just five days. (It is the end Stevens didn't say around to vote.)

Thus the government was able, at first, to hold off most of its proposals and regain some of the credibility it lost when a cynical press and Opposition treated its series of announcements last summer as little more than an election play. But the government may have been outmanoeuvred by the Conservatives on the unemployment insurance bill. By voting against it, the Conservatives may have helped usher their image as a business-oriented party with little concern for the average working person. At the same time, the governing Liberals, who introduced unemployment insurance in 1940 and greatly expanded the program in 1971, may be getting a reputation for insensitivity to the problems of the unemployed. "This bill represents a significant turning point for the Conservatives," exclaimed one Tory MP. "It is a watershed issue." Last they lost their support on the right as they moved to the left, however, the Conservatives made clear they would cut back unemployment insurance even further than the Liberals, but in different ways. **Ian Urquhart**

## Manitoba

### The new G-G's last public hurrah

[I]t wasn't the most exciting way to spend his 49th birthday, but as Glen Gase-Graham departed, Ed Schreyer arrived at the Manitoba Legislative building 15 minutes late last Thursday to testify before the Tritehrer inquiry, the occasion seemed an oddly appropriate celebration for a man who admits he used to take Hydro money home to become corrupt. The inquiry was set up by Conservative Premier Sterling Lyon to look into the affairs of Manitoba Hydro during former star premier Schreyer's regime from 1968 to 1977, when he had used as a minister responsible for the utility. Its aim is to find out how political interference affected massive north-east power developments and how costs got so far out of line. Hydro now owes more than \$2 billion on the projects and spends half its annual revenue servicing the debt.

Schreyer kept his cool on the witness stand, repeatedly implying that the inquiry was a waste of time and money and should be aimed at Hydro's future, not its past. Little eye crying over spill water—erect that Schreyer would admit many errors were made. In a moment of candor he did confess to taking engineering cost projections with a grain of truth or salt. "I recall at the time I were yesterday [former Liberal Progressive Premier D.L.] Campbell saying, 'Don't you

Schreyer: the political curtain lifts



### Having a bum time wish I were there

When 68-year-old Jack Balch, a retired Alberta civil servant, decided last spring to take a long-anticipated vacation trip to Yugoslavia, it never occurred to him he might spend his holidays behind bars. On May 25, while making relations in his native country, Balch (his Yugoslavian name, Jovan Balch) was arrested and held for six months in prison in Zagreb without being charged—until a Canadian diplomat in Belgrade intervened. He is not only legal but, unlike I. Vukobratovic, he is not being charged. Balch learned he was being charged at commanding a long squad while serving as a member of anti-Tito forces during the Second World War. Maintaining prisoners at war and being a member of the Chetnik Army that opposed Marshal Tito. The Chetniks were Serbian nationalists who fought themselves at war with the Nazis during the war fighting both the Nazis and the Communists.

When he was 18, Balch and son Peter spent an intense Christmas without him in London. Balch wanted to see his son when he was back only three days after his arrival in Yugoslavia. Theoretically, he could be sentenced to life imprisonment. The Canadian consul affairs department has been watching the case closely but spokesman says not much can be done until now. The Balch case, although not unique, poses a delicate diplomatic problem for the department. And it highlights a danger to all Canadians from other lands since frequently unaware when they go abroad. Balch holds dual citizenship—Yugoslavian and Canadian—but under Yugoslavian law a person born in that country is a citizen for life and subject to all laws of that native land. Extensive affairs officials will only become involved "if the process of justice in Yugoslavia seems to be impaired," which spokesman does not feel his happened so far. In other words, as long as Yugoslavian law is being applied, officials in Balch's adopted land feel they can do nothing. Canada can only go so far without jeopardizing Balch's chances.

Balch was able to obtain legal counsel in Zagreb through his Canadian attorney, Sherry Schepers. "It is really a shame this had to happen," Schepers says. Jack spent 1942 to 1945 in a German prisoner of war camp and he suffered badly in the fields. It is tragic that he is back in prison again. If the Yugoslavians thought he were an undesirable, why did they grant him a visa? Schepers says Balch agrees with internal affairs that Yugoslavian police must be allowed to take his course at least for the time being. External affairs officials point out that an appeal for clemency would not be out of the question after Balch is sentenced. They cite the case of a Montreal woman who was sentenced to a Soviet prison last month after authorities there agreed to a Canadian plea and reduced her sentence for struggling from eight years to the time served—six months.

Meanwhile, Jack Balch is busy in Canada can only hope that Balch will soon be on his way home from a vacation that has already lasted much too long. **Wayne Skene**

## A golden harvest from Dief Lake

It is not an Inland Northwest pond, but yet the stream of gold yellow orange pellets spilling from which represents a cash crop to the province's inland fishery. Not yet considered a delicacy in Canada, the fish roque, also "Pike caviar" to the Japanese, is common fare in sections of the real thing. The lake fish-early water but not as a two year old project of the Freshwater Institute, which has an aim of Ottawa's fisheries and marine science. This year,

John Christensen and Mortine produced 2,000 pounds of the caviar destined for Japanese sushi bars and, with aggressive marketing, federal officials hope to increase Saskatchewan's production to about 20,000 pounds per year. To the fishermen who often use provides a lucrative secondary income. The Winnipeg-based Freshwater Fish Marketing Corporation pays 75 cents a pound for the unprocessed eggs, compared with the average 30 cents a pound for which they sell. But the key to getting the eggs to market is quick processing. The roque is available at

John Christensen harvests caviar on Dief Lake, Saskatchewan.

the covey be cleaned of its entrails, super-cooled, salted, canned and packaged within 24 hours. To cope with the lack of processing facilities in the West, the Freshwater Institute developed a portable processing plant and set it up on the shores of Dief Lake. A resource created 15 years ago by damming the South Saskatchewan River for a hydro electric project, the 91.1 square mile man-made lake has a prolific whitefish population and the eggs quickly moved onshore with Japanese companies willing to pay more than \$3 a pound for the processed Pesse caviar.

The Japanese diet called roque consists of a mixed dish of rice, flavored with onion vinegar, broiled with soft egg and topped with whitefish eggs. At present, whitefish caviar is a minor portion of the total sold in Japan, most comes from salmon and herring. Yet Mortine's speculation for the Saskatchewan government is a quality product and flows the demand for it will grow—providing one participating caviar in land fish supply. Whitefish normally appear in the fall along shorelines in dried or salted water, with the eggs lying dormant until spring. However, the level of Dief Lake is reduced about 25 feet between fall and spring for hydroelectric purposes, which leaves the whitefish spawning grounds high and dry at the most crucial time. Yet says Mortine, the lake fish are the most prolific whitefish populations in the province—as the fish are getting together somewhere. During a preliminary processing plant near Dief Lake, will be processed until federal officials figure out how the fish do reproduce and blue caviar is continuing supply of the new fish.

Bob Cheekier



before it, Edley. Engineers always give you figures that prove to be half what they end up." Schreyer's summary was finished in other words, particularly development decision taken in July, 1979. His only moment of embarrassment came when he admitted deliberately withholding for more than two years a report on hydro prepared by former federal Liberal cabinet minister Eric Kimmance, which was critical of the utility.

Inquiry chairman Judge George Trudelle did not hesitate to ask his eminent witness to make his answers more to the point, once or twice, but if Schreyer's new status little affected his treatment on the stand he was obviously enjoying himself off it when he pointed out to reporters that this was, positively his final political act for the years. And it would be quite improper, he said, for him to comment on Judge Trudelle's findings when they're published next spring and he was asked at Rideau Hall. Peter Gaultier-Gordon

## Frederickson

### Taking the crazy out of the quilt

Whenever John Doe buys a house and it from Bill Smith, his lawyer will dispatch an erasing law student to the local land registry office to scrub the title. The student may spend hours or even days tracing the property's ownership back through county maps and deeds covering many years until he's certain John Doe has acquired "clear title" to his new home. For all that work, the lawyer then adds a waste fee of anywhere from \$45 to several hundred dollars to John Doe's bill. But the whole laborious procedure could one day be reduced to minutes by the system of computerized land registration for which the groundwork is now being laid in the Maritime—pro-

viding Ottawa's easterly outposts into the same marketplace into the new marketplace.

When settlers like the United Empire Loyalists sailed into the Maritimes nearly 200 years ago, the land grants they received were measured by such rudimentary methods as piling off as many "fathom" sticks as they could. The resulting crazy-quilt pattern of land tenure has been the bane of Maritime surveyors and planners ever since. During the 1940s the Atlantic provinces began a federally funded program to appraise, survey and map the region, but the real push did not come until 1955 when the Council of Maritime Premiers created a special agency, the Land Registration and Information Service (LRIS), to coordinate the work and to develop a sophisticated system of registering property transactions by computer. Now with the \$60-million, 10-year project nearly half completed, its future is threatened by a federal government announcement that it's back-



ing set and won't pay its 75 per cent of the funding after April 1.

Ever since that news arrived as part of Jean Chrétien's September package of budget cuts, the Maritime provinces have been bemoaning Ottawa's change of mind. After they met in Moncton last week, New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield sent a last-ditch appeal to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau

"If your decision remains unchanged, Canada may miss a unique opportunity to show the world that we are innovative and in the lead in world software technology in this area."

When fully operational the task system would make buying a piece of property as simple as buying an appliance with a credit card. A computerized registry office such as the one due to

open in Charlottetown next year would check, update and record a new deed within a matter of minutes. What's more, the government would then guarantee the transaction, absolving lawyers of considerable responsibility as well as work. The project is also giving the Maritimes a new and much-improved grid of survey reference points (in the form of 20,000 concrete markers) and producing reliable information on the nature, size, shape and use of the Maritime landmass.

Because of its comprehensive and sophisticated, the task system has piqued considerable interest in the eastern world of land management and officials from China, Taiwan, Australia, West Germany and the United States have visited Fredericton headquarters for a look. Indeed, one of the hopes is that the project will produce a system the Maritimes can market elsewhere in the world.

For all the current apprehension, it is entirely likely to be abandoned completely, even if the present system falls. More probably the program will continue, but at a slower pace. Inevitably that will mean the loss of some jobs and, in fact, since Chrétien's announcement, about 50 of the 220 LRIS employees have left, taking their specialized training with them. Says Executive Director Wilfrid Roberts, in the unlikely event of all

David Foster

## Transformation of a Prairie icon

Parts of one of the century's icons to the Western plains unveiled at its symbol. W.D. Mitchell saw a well, sloping shoulders and, for those who grew up near one, it was the only building thing in a horizontal world. And that image of strength and stability, the Prairie grain elevator, is being designed for radical change. The once proud tower may now give way to a busy structure that looks like a cross between a steam movie screen and the

newly designed 200,000 bushels at once, compared with the 170,000 bushels capacity of standard elevators and about 2000 bushels at a time. It is now instead of as much as an hour.

Edmonton design engineer Nick Dodge claims his new elevator can be built for about \$800,000 (a mere two per cent more than the old model) in a 50-50 partnership with the Alberta Wheat Pool. The only money in the venture is in grain and beans. There never was any question of accepting government assistance—says his entrepreneur Dodge—he spent the better part of two years travelling about

at Alberta's engineer who finally came to "B" Dodge expects the new elevator design results to begin next year on the first Buffalo S.D. at Magrath Alberta. As farmers haul their trucks into the high side of the building a bucket elevator will carry the grain 110 feet to the peak, then direct it according to grade and weight into any one of 16 bins in the vertical. A delivery hopper can shuttle alongside the low side of the grainery will be loaded by direct gravity, but with such speed that the new model should actually only raise the average bottleneck in Canadian grain shipments (see page 22). The new elevator is intended to be relatively maintenance-free because it will be built of precast concrete components instead of lumber which should also remove the danger of grain elevator fires.

Agri-tek, a marketing firm established through a partnership of the Alberta Wheat Pool and Dodge, says the new design is being tested by several farmers, including pool operators in other Prairie provinces and international grain handlers. Thus the Buffalo S.D. may one day be as familiar and inspiring a sight to crops on the Argentine prairie as the old model was on the Canadian prairie.

Wayne Skene



New face on the Prairie world's largest of food shed. How of wheat.

Photo: Agri-tek

By Willem Lowthor

President Jimmy Carter's last of New Year's resolutions reads like the battle plan for *Rebelious*. There are cautions to the right and to the left of him so he will need to be especially nimble as he charges down the middle toward his elusive objective—re-election in 1980. As the president enters the second half of his term, he must devote a substantial segment of his energy to political maneuvering because he is already being stalked by two super-powered members of his party as well as at least seven leading Republicans.

For those used to the parliamentary system it appears ridiculous, even dangerous, that a leader with Carter's power and position should be forced to spend two full years ensuring his re-election. But that is how it is, an axiom on issues as explosive as the Middle East, China, the arms race, inflation



The United States

## Jimmy starts his two-year stump

and resources will be governed by percentages in the all-powerful opinion polls.

Carter is sure to be pulled to the conservative right (just as he was during the 1976 campaign) to counter-attacks from challengers such as Ronald Reagan, Philip Crane, John Connally and Senator Robert Dole. Moderate Republicans such as former president Gerald Ford, George Bush and Illinois Governor James Thompson will do much to keep the president's fiscal policies in line. At the same time, they pose challenges for the top job from fellow Democrats Jerry Brown, the way-out governor of California, and Senator Edward Kennedy, the darling of the liberals, will pull Carter the other way.

Although he has not yet officially declared himself, there is little doubt that the front-running Republican is former California governor and astute film star Ronald Reagan. Leader of the party's vocal and dominant right-wing faction, Reagan, a most persuasive and attractive speaker, was only just kept

from the 1976 nomination by ex-president Ford.

He has two disadvantages—his age (69 in 1980) and his image as an ultra-conservative. The pundits reckon that he might take the southern and western states in a presidential election but could lose pitifully in the north. But he will still mount a powerful attack on the president. In coming months Reagan will charge that under Carter the U.S. has grown steadily weaker and that a soft agreement will give the Soviet Union even more of an advantage. Carter will counter by continuing to press for heavy defense spending and as tough a treaty as possible. On China, Reagan will simply rub away at the scar caused by the dropping of that old ally, Taiwan. But he'll be careful not to go too far because America's top businessmen—most of them Reagan Republicans—expect to benefit greatly from increased trade with Peking.

Lastly, Reagan will use the OPEC increases (see story on page 30) to point up rising inflation and unemployment,



Ford and Connally (above), Kennedy and Carter (opposite) in the night and left as he charges down the middle

stating that domestic oil prices be deregulated to stimulate domestic oil production and thereby stop oil "shock" and "mad" there. Carter is in difficulty. If he allows domestic prices to rise to the 1974 level voters will have to pay even more for a gallon of gas and he is bound to lose popularity.

So, as Reagan's chief political adviser told Washington journalists at a banquet and press breakfast recently, the president will be vulnerable in 1980. The Reagan camp—indeed most Republicans—believes that by then the nation will be convinced Carter is unable to deal with economic woes, particularly inflation, and that he is out of his element in foreign affairs. The "collapse" of the Camp David agreements will be cited as "proof" of that proposition and,

Reagan persuades and attracts, but he could lose publicly in the north

should the president realize his China hand, that too will be scored upon.

The candidate most deeply into campaigning so far, however, is another right winner, Congressman Philip Crane from Illinois. He has raised \$600,000 to back his wild-card venture and says he can get \$25 million more. His plan, "The Early Bird," has taken him to over 30 states in the past three months. "When Jimmy Carter jets through with the dollar, they'll call it the J.C. Penny," he says. But Crane, 46, is expected to lose a lot of



support as soon as Reagan officially announces he is running.

The results of last fall's midterm elections have boosted the hopes of another would-be president, Rep. John Connally, the former Democratic governor of Texas. Connally switched parties some years back and drew national praise for his handling of the economy as Richard Nixon's treasury secretary. This fall he campaigned for Republicans in 41 states and is credited, among other achievements, with getting multi-millionaire William Clements elected as governor of Texas.

A dynamic figure and a rising speaker, Connally has bought a house in New Hampshire—ready for that state's primary election (the first in the race) in January, 1980. But there is some speculation that Connally would accept second place on a Reagan ticket, thereby becoming handily placed to succeed Reagan, who would be 73 at the end of his first term and might not run again.

Ford would like to get back into the White House, but there is still some doubt that he will seek his party's nomination. Betty Ford's recent book, showing her husband to be a total political animal who neglected his family, has not done his image much good. Ford's close advisers say that he wants to keep on the sidelines, ready to step in to break any convention deadlock. In the meantime, he has organized a heavy schedule for the next 12 months, keeping his name and face before the public.

Senator Dole, a war hero who was Ford's running mate last time, has as many as an outside chance at the nomination. A conservative, he is considered by Reagan and Connally. But George Bush, a former ambassador, former head of the CIA and former chairman of the Republican party, is a more potent threat. Less flamboyant than Dole, he is also a moderate in most things and has an air of authority that could stand him well. Almost exactly the same could be said for Governor Thompson. But he is less well-known and has to be seen as a compromise liberal Republican choice. Senate

majority leader Howard Baker Jr. of Tennessee is in the same category.

The New Hampshire primary could decide a great deal. David S. Broder, the respected political analyst at *The Washington Post*, has speculated that Reagan, Connally, Crane and Dole will have to share the conservative Republican vote, ensuring that none emerges a clear winner. And that could leave the road open for a moderate—most likely Bush.

On the Democratic side a lot depends on Carter's popularity toward the end of 1979. If it is low, Governor Brown is nearly certain to launch a challenge. He will hit the president for being too conservative, for spending too much on arms and too little on welfare. Should the governor do well in early primaries, weakening Carter's support among the party faithful, there would probably be a cry for Kennedy—the most popular man in Democratic politics—to enter the race. Should Kennedy do so, the betting in Washington is that he could wrestle the nomination away from Carter. But the wise money still predicts that Kennedy will keep out of the race. He is waiting until 1984 when he will be that much further away from the scandal of Chappaquiddick and is virtually certain of nomination without splitting the party.

So, as *The Wall Street Journal* said last week, "Jimmy Carter is at the crossroads of his presidency." He ended his first year in office looking disappointed. During 1977 he has made some bold moves that have caused concern. The next year will show just how skilled he really is. Particularly during the past six months, Carter has grown in the job. He is far more confident, far more "presidential." But he needs victories. His most vital Senate ratification of the SALT treaty and he needs to convince Americans that he can handle the Middle East, Iran and Africa. He needs to calm fears about Taiwan's security. The chief political adviser, Hamilton Jordan, says "Thank heavens the president thrives as a challenger." He will have to cope more skillfully with them than the LBJ Brigade did at *Rebelious*. ☐

# The dance of the Arabian knights

The setting was the Abu Dhabi Hilton on the shores of the Persian Gulf, but the scene was more reminiscent of an old-style Hollywood western. Prancing around the courtyard, Soviet-made AK-47 rifles over their heads in a mock version of the Bedouin Dance of the Giza, were Saudi Arabian oil minister Sheikh Ahmed Kalo Yamani and his Venezuelan counterpart Valentin Fernandez Arellano. If the war drama were transposed, the scalping handed out by Yamani and OPEC to their customers the following day was not. The price of oil rose, an apprehensive world was soothed, and world trade by a total of 34.5 per cent in 1979, nearly five per cent more than the most pessimistic forecasts, and the biggest rise since the 15-

per-cent hike that led to the 1973-74 oil crisis.

The immediate reaction was a jolt of distress as it led all the way from Washington to Tokyo, in one direction, and Ottawa to Bonn, in the other. Gold jumped 36 on the news, with a record price of \$300 an ounce by the end of 1979. In some quarters, while Wall Street dipped sharply and the U.S. dollar fell back further against stronger currencies in Europe and Japan, the week's end it had lost a fall three per cent against the German mark. But as more considered reactions became available it began to seem as if—with one significant exception, the United States—the worlds inflamed by the oil crisis had their latest life might be less



Yamani (above), Fernandez and Gillespie the war drama was impressive, but the oil scalping was carefully concealed

deep than had been feared.

In Canada, which grew about 30 per

Japanese was ahead—provided the yen remains strong (it is likely to do so because Japan's enormous \$20-billion trade surplus means it can easily afford the estimated \$2.3-billion cost of the increase). In effect Japan's customers, Canada among them, will be paying the price for it. But in one respect Canada, too, may benefit. The increase will force the Japanese banking leader to cut back his money policy and that could mean a quicker decision on the two Centra nuclear reactors, worth about \$1 billion each, which Japan is considering buying.

**Europe.** The Abu Dhabi decision is bad news for the European Community, said Energy Commissioner Sando Brunner. But member countries were more philosophical. West Germany's Bundesbank, while regretting the price rise, pointed out that the cost of oil had dropped 18 per cent in real terms during the year because of dollar devaluation. Like Japan, Germany has been getting its oil cheap—courtesy of the dollar.

France, with a large export surplus and a budget deficit, and Britain, with its North Sea oil, also took the news calmly. British Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey emerged from an ad hoc council of ministers meeting in Brussels to comment that "The UK is much less affected by OPEC increases than other countries because we sell as much oil as we buy." In fact, Britain exported 40 per cent of its North Sea oil output in the last eight months of the year—1978—for a total earnings of \$1.4 billion.

Indeed, the O.C. is better positioned to be the only person to be actually helped. One



Gillespie has already come to a long-term calculation that the community will be facing severe oil price problems in the 1980s.

But a more basic reason was the sudden price rise strengthening of the mark. That translated to a ten-fold increase in the next month the newly created and much argued-over European monetary system.

**Third World.** The effect of the oil price increase will be to make it much more difficult for the world's 34 low-income and 56 middle-income countries to break out of the poverty trap. For one thing, services countries themselves under pressure will be less willing to lend money. For another, what loans they do get will add to the crushing burden of debt they already owe.

In 1977, total indebtedness of the two groups was \$248 billion, as from the end of the year a \$20.5 billion. A line of the developing countries had got about \$100 billion from earlier oil price increases when the new hike was announced. For there, as for their less fortunate counterparts, the whole cycle—greater autonomy, higher funds and loan development—will begin all over again.

out of it all from OPEC countries, the view was that positive and negative adjustment to the crisis would be more or less equal such either out in the short term. Among the benefits, an Energy Minister Alistair Gillespie made clear in the House of Commons, could be a slight competitive edge for industry, since Canadian oil prices are at least temporarily frozen against U.S. competition, which will have to pay higher energy prices. The OPEC hike will also help development of high-cost energy sources such as the Athabasca tar sands and may also boost the future Alaskan Alaskan pipeline project, which could provide as many as 100,000 jobs for Canada.

On the debit side will be a net increase of about \$150 million in the cost of oil in which fuels Quebec and the Atlantic provinces, carbon rises (in July, 1979, and January, 1980) in the price of domestic oil, which will add an estimated six cents a gallon to gasoline prices and fuel inflation by one per cent, setting back production in targeting around the economy, and a possible, though minimal in 1979, effect on Canadian exports about 70 per cent which go to the U.S., because of OPEC's expected demand there.

Just to the south, however, it was a different story. The direct effects were expected to be more expensive gas, up to six cents per gallon at the pump by next October, an unwanted lack of 3 per cent to the inflationary spiral, growth cut by 1 per cent or more, and most dangerous for the U.S. dollar, a \$4.5-billion rise in the trade deficit.

The rise of the OPEC increase came as an unpleasant shock to the administration as well as the country, in a statement Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal said optimistically on his return from the Middle East last month about prospects for a moderate rise. But as The New York Times summed up that, the real message was that "The United States cannot depend on its special relationship with Saudi Arabia to hold down its oil import bills."

That message came at a highly inconvenient time. The U.S. is about to enter what White House officials describe as a "year of crucial wage negotiations" and higher gas prices and their ripple effects on other necessities were expected to have a marked inflationary effect on the demands of union bargainers. Over-all, inflation now is expected to increase by seven to eight per cent next year, instead of the 5.5 per cent originally forecast. To counter such threats, Federal Reserve Board Chairman G. William Miller proposed a tight monetary and fiscal policy. Plans were that this week's U.S. budget would reflect the need to keep inflation down with 30-per-cent cuts in education pro-

grams and a drastic slashing of public service jobs. In Western Europe and Japan (as has careful appraisal) revealed a more optimistic picture, though the Third World, forgotten in most "news" nation headlines, seemed doomed to a further plunge into the red. Over-all, however, it was the United States, as it ever, which seemed crushed in the West's economic stability. While a relatively weak dollar was a positive advantage to OPEC customers with strong currencies, so one wanted to see the U.S. lead the world into a recession.

Reactive Board Chairman Miller acknowledged that the oil price increases would "increase the risk" of such a development, though he still believed it would be avoided. But not everyone was willing to be quite so optimistic. If the weakness of the dollar persisted, in the long term the OPEC customers might be tempted into more drastic action to recover their economies—action which could tip the balance irretrievably toward recession. The best chance that this would not happen seemed still to be that such a step would not be thought worth the price by OPEC's gas-sucking members.

Ian Ugehaert/William Lowther, with correspondents' reports

## France

### Malice in Wonderland

She was, to all appearances, the girl who had everything. From her mother, a well-known and immensely successful Mediterranean beauty. From her father, a former banker, she received the best French education money could buy and a stipend to open a string of fashionable boutiques. But a year ago last October 28, after two suicide attempts in three days, Anne Le Roy, then 28, returned to her luxurious Nice apartment, telephoned two Paris friends to announce that she was driving up for a visit, packed five suitcases into her beige Range Rover—and disappeared.

She might have been dismissed as just another run-of-the-mill lady on the lam if she hadn't been the pivotal figure in a casino war that has rocked the French Riviera, tarnished political reputations and unleashed a wave of investigations into a sinister cast of characters lurking on the palm-shaded fringes of Nice's Red Sea. Le Roy was, as the events pursued an inquiry into her disappearance, the Le Roy story began more and more to justify Somerset Maugham's observation that the Riviera was becoming a money place for shady people.

## The ups go up, the downs go down

The rich get richer and the poor get poorer—that seemed to be one conclusion to be drawn from round-the-world reactions to the projected oil price rises. Most are a comports of hope.

**Japan.** Oil is Japan's biggest import charge amounting to almost \$25 billion in 1978. But the country quickly recovered from its OPEC rise pitfall. The reason oil contracts are priced in U.S. dollars and the yen rate appreciated 50 per cent against the dollar in the last two years. So the price of oil before the hike had actually fallen as yen terms rose the end of 1978, and an increase of 14.5 per cent still leaves the





Agnès de la Rúa: dumped after the lottery

Backdrop to the scandal is a baroque and gilt-gambling palace on Nue's legendary Promenade des Anglais, the Palais de la Méditerranée, which Agnès, her mother and two sisters inherited on her father's death three years ago when it still ranked as France's fourth largest casino. But four months after their take-over, five card sharks showed up for a statistically improbable three-hour session of blackjack-quarante, a blackjack-like game, which netted them almost \$1 million and almost broke the casino bank. Within days, Agnès' mother, Renée, was snatched, fires broke out among the gaming tables and staff reported being roughed up.

Forced to negotiate a loan to keep the Palais afloat, Renée Le Ruz changed that she was the victim of pressure from rival casino owner Jean Dominique Fresco, a suave 55-year-old Corsican who had just opened his own Las Vegas-style emporium 200 yards up the road with uncomplicated Italian financing and the help of an old school chum, Nue's hereditary Mayor Jacques Midelet. Midelet was also, until last spring, France's minister of tourism.

Having snapped up a series of other Riviera casinos, Fresco coveted a monopoly over Nue's gaming tables—a wish that was soon to be fulfilled. On June 30, 1977, at the Palais' annual stockholders' meeting, Agnès de la Rúa voted against her family, delivering her shares—and thus the Palais—into Fresco's hands. The move did not come as a complete shock to her mother, with whom she had already quarreled before meeting with her new love; a young married Nue's lawyer hired Jean-Marie Agniet, a known friend of Fresco.

The next inquiry has now revealed a series of joint Swiss bank accounts which Agniet opened with Agnès just before the stockholders' meeting and into which nearly \$800,000 was deposited. (The money was transferred three months later to a personal account in

Agnès' own name.) Agniet and Fresco have been charged with purchasing a stockholder's wife, and the court wants to know why the lawyer recently struck from the bar for life for "practices unworthy of the profession"—appeared to dump Agnès after the stock transfer, what prompted her suicide attempt and why, after one of them, Agniet's wife reported that she was covered with bruises.

Meanwhile, Fresco has used Agniet for the return of \$98,000 he had paid to Agnès Le Rúa. He shattered the doors of the Palais de la Méditerranée and, it has leaked out, a Las Vegas consortium headed by Marina Sandoz of the Dunes Hotel, once Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa's lawyer, in on the verge of buying Fresco out with visions of making Nice Europe's gambling-casino conference capital. Such a rare of events would leave a number of people walking—except, of course, Renée Le Ruz. Says she, "No matter what has happened between us, I want my daughter back." If only Midelet was still around to supervise the plot. **Muriel McInerney**

## India/Pakistan

### The strong arm of coincidence

It seemed like yet another schizoanalytical coincidence. Less than two years after former Indian prime minister Indira Gandhi was voted out of office and Pakistan's ex-prime minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was plucked from power by the military, they were back in the headlines last week, again in similar circumstances. Both were pleading their cases to their judges. But there was one major difference. While Gandhi was defending her right to hold a newly won seat in Parliament, Bhutto was pleading for his life.

Gandhi's offence, according to the motion in the Indian Parliament, was trying in 1975, to block a parliamentary investigation of her son Rajiv's business activities. She lost and was sent to prison for the rest of the parliamentary session. It seemed like in-deed, for Gandhi had joined the current prime minister, Morarji Deas, during her 18-month "confinement" of 1975 to 1977. That was what Gandhi's supporters thought, anyway. They charged that Deas had delayed the session until Gandhi would have had to leave the parliamentary seat since, as a jailed MP, she forfeited that.

The response was immediate. In a countrywide rampage, Gandhi's supporters set fire to buses and railway cars. They stalked a Deas supporter to

death and two men armed with a toy pistol and a fake grenade staged an airplane to force Gandhi's release, but surrendered in Delhi. More than 20,000 people were arrested, many going voluntarily to embarrass the government.

From her jail cell, the former prime minister vowed to run again for the recalled seat, and so Deas may soon be back where he began, with his seventh critic seated across the floor once again.

Bhutto, on the other hand, was back in his cell not knowing the result of his "trial appeal" against a death sentence for "ordering and abetting" the murder of a political opponent while prime minister in 1973. He and those movements who have asked for clemency will have to wait several weeks more for the answer from the judges appointed by Bhutto's tough successor, General Mo-



Gandhi pointing at police escort, and Bhutto: both now pleading their cases, but there was one major difference.



hammered Sen-Ul-Haq.

Whether Bhutto really was responsible for the arrest of Sen-Ul-Haq is open to question. What is not is that despite his 16-month detention in jail the man who made his plea for life last week is still the focal point for opposition to the military. His death could set off severe disorder at home as well as protests abroad.

For that reason, Sen may hesitate to concede his predecessor. But even if he does, the probabilities are against a coincidental comeback. While Gandhi may shortly again be enjoying the privileges of an MP, Bhutto seems destined for a long time yet to the life reserved for long-serving and well-behaved prisoners. **□**

## Spain

### A fat lot of good for 1979

It was not exactly a Christmas surprise, but it certainly set them cheering. Four-and-twenty charbonas sang a song of much more than romance last week, and a whole nation stopped to listen. The cheer was chanting, on Spain's public television screen, the winning numbers of El Gordo (the "Fat One"), which Spaniards claim is the world's richest lottery. All was enthusiasm as the top prize numbers came up, the high-digitated vacuum began to quaver and, as usual, the shock of winning flattened some winners at the "Sorteo" in Madrid. But like other very successful riches scattered throughout Spain, they received quickly enough to celebrate their wealthiest Christmas ever.

The Fat One has been a Yale-size ritual in Spain for more than two centuries. Last Friday hardly a family was not glued to television or radio as El Gordo spilled 250,000 prizes worth a staggering \$45.70 million (pounds \$149 million Canadian) across the country. The 27 top prizes were each \$3.5 million, and although complete tickets cost \$300, they are usually split into shares so that even the poorest Spaniards can get in on the game.

Last year one of the luckiest numbers proved to be 13—the number of the sales booth where a group of bank clerks in Madrid bought their tickets. When they struck it rich, the publicist clerks did a victory dance—much to the consternation of local citizens. The chance Maria Meneses thought her luck was out when her lost tax tickets to jacks were But the thieves were caught, the tickets recovered and Meneses won \$170,000.

There is plenty of heartbreak as well.

Tasler Julio de Fresno put his ticket into a drawer for misdirection. His number was now out but he had chosen his ticket to hit. And Miss under Frances Taranga still mourns his 1971 losses. He was selling shares in the Mediterranean town of Menorca when he was suddenly nabbed by yelling housewives. Almost two days he learned that the number on his tickets had just been called out among the winners. With the few shares he had defended, Francisco won \$2,000.

Spain's lottery was started 385 years ago by Charles III as a way of regis-

tering the royal coffers. The gambling man is now so strongly rooted that in 1978 the nation poured \$4 billion into soccer pools, bingo and other lotteries. Total stakes this year in El Gordo were \$280 million, 25 per cent of which was retained by the Spanish treasury. The Fat One just may be responsible for meeting the world's chest community. Three years ago a grocer in a remote snowbound hamlet sold off some tickets to all 30 families in the settlement. The payoff was \$6 million—for each family Merry Christmas, and how.

David Bald

**Smooth and friendly**  
**Morgan White**  
Pure, clear Morgan White. A great companion to any meal. Soft and smooth over ice. Make friends soon.  
Distributor and quality guaranteed by Seagram's



Lynn, Wood and Leduc: alone on a G-string

Donald Sutherland. It also meant he stayed home for the holidays. Sutherland, along with Vanessa Paradis (Shoh), Lloyd Bridges (Richard Gere),

The bump and grind was for charity and even though Buck's *Art on a G-String* wasn't played for the masses, the event was designed to give a dance image to Montreal's strippers and raise money for crippled children. Called a Celebration of Nudity, 43 Montreal strippers donated their time, took off their clothes, flogged their underwear and passed a tin cup amid patrons last week to raise money for Montreal's Children's Hospital. Tony Tin Panit, branch chief of stripper Paula Peters, who was "top up with the bad reputation strippers here," the third annual gala strip raised \$2,800 in 12 hours. "I've been with the show for three years now," said Nikki Lynn, Collins, one of the performers. "Most of the girls do it because they have beautiful bodies of their own and they just want to show their gratitude."

The six-foot snowfall may have cut down on his last-minute Christmas shopping spree, but for Canadian actor

and Richard White (Knox), was snowed in last week while shooting the movie *Star 80* in the B.C. backwoods near Stewart, a location chosen for its Arctic-like qualities. Although he was due in New York to promote his latest movie, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, Sutherland capitulated to another nature, chopped down a Christmas tree and settled in for a celebration with his wife, Frances Bay, and their child, Rae. Not all 180 members of the cast and crew followed suit. Bridges, for example, just wanted to put his feet up. He did. In a pair of electric socks—a present from his son, Jeff.

The role was not sent in a bottle. It came taped to the trunk of a Christmas tree. It was not sent from a desert island captive, but from an eight-year-old boy named Bobby MacDonald in Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Both the tree and the note ended up in the Conservatory of the Sacred Heart in Manhattan last week. And Bobby's words made The New York Times: "Dear Pop Pa, I am writing the letter and putting it on a tree my dad cut. I have brown hair and green eyes. I am in Grade 3. I have two brothers, 11 and 10 years old and a baby sister seven months. My dad works at driving a taxi. I was wondering what you paid for this tree when you bought it. We get only 80 cents to \$1 for a tree on our farm. My name is Bobby MacDonald." When last heard from, many Grade 3 students at the all-girl Sacred Heart School in Manhattan were writing Bobby, telling him, among other things, that trees from his father's farm sell for \$20 in New York.

Based on the first Canadian jazz group to complete a tour of the Soviet Union (Oscar Peterson played a risk several years ago when disabused by Soviet arrangements), Vancouver's *Prayer MacPherson and Friends*

Sutherland and a pair of electric socks

were given red-mallet treatment on their recently completed junket. Although the tour was tiring—13 concerts, three jam sessions and a television taping in five days—and not all the remuneration—\$200 per performance (plus 150 rubles in Russian expenses)—it did have its rewards. The gigs were sold out from Riga to Leningrad, the group was showered with gifts and tributes, and one autograph seeker showed up with an old copy of the Canadian jazz magazine *Cade*, which MacPherson willingly signed. The warm reception actually turned snowy late one night when MacPherson received a telephone call from a groupie daughter of a personal adviser with him. Although anxious to repay the hospitality he'd been shown, MacPherson declined the offer.

After spending six years in Parliament wrangling and tugging with the Trudeau government, Tory watchdog Sir Tom Coombs, 58, found himself battling an opponent a little closer to home—his wife, Anne Coombs. Following a Dec. 16 accident, when police were called to settle a domestic dispute at the Coombs' Brookville, Ontario, home, Anne Coombs was remained in provincial court last week on charges of assaulting her estranged husband (Tom filed a divorce action Nov. 30) and causing him bodily harm. The sir, who was in hospital for three days and was treated for bruises, scratches and a neck injury, was also charged with common assault. The couple will appear in court Jan. 3. Round two.

The champagne, like the performance, was an ice last week when John Curry and his show for *Iceberg* opened in Broadway's 1,676-seat Minskoff Theatre. Curry was the true title man who won the Olympic gold medal for figure

Tony and Anne Coombs: wrapped and bruised.



Curry: only pleased with 15 minutes

skating in 1976, beating out Canada's Toller Cranston, who took the bronze. Shortly after the release of his first album, entitled *Rocky*, the star dropped plans to make it his 17 of the week and, quickly thereafter, at dropped off the British charts. Despite rapper Paula Abdul's promotion of the album and a song called *Mr. Kelly*, *These Ladies* (also designed to evoke thoughts of romance in Kensington Palace) Britain's largest record store, 1987, reports *Rocky* has sold only 13 copies. Although *London* received close to \$200,000 for the record, it appears that his life as a rock star never and that he'll probably go back to the horticultural business he established two years ago when he and Princess Margaret were visitors at a grow-your-own fruit and vegetable course in Wiltshire. Read his record producer: "As for any future records, it's in the lap of the gods." Commented Paula: "Rocky can sing. He just needs practice."

Edited by Jane O'Hara

# THE NEW BELIEVERS

By Angela Farnate

It's a mosaic of penitential chapels and candlelit vigils. The image, presented like a photograph on a long piece of linen, is a brownish hue. The face in the center, the holy picture, looked in pain, the marble statue bald-headed in vaulted niches. The body in that of a tall man cruelly tormented and crucified. A patch, where a knee may have pined the right side of the victim, is a deeper crimson, perhaps the trace of blood spilt long ago.

Yellowed with age, the Holy Shroud of Turin bears the marks of centuries of reverence and earnestly, drops of candle wax, drips of oil from an old torch. Is it so many Christians believe, the winding cloth wrapped around the body of Jesus Christ? Or is it a forged 14th-century relic? Last October, 45 scientists from four countries were permitted by the Italian Catholic Church to conduct extensive tests for the first time in history. Scientific consensus aside, most of them were averse. "We see that kind of detail that can be made in that way, obviously dead, it moved me," recalls Eric Jumper, one of the two U.S. Air Force captains leading the American team. "It was a solemn moment."

The results surely be known for a year (or less), but already the world's expectations have far outstripped what science is capable of satisfying. The shroud of blood, filth and a flood of stories, all of them pointing for a miracle, the shroud, by its very existence, affords proof of its own. As the quasi-scientific mystic symbol, it seems to be once again the instrument of a language for revolutionaries and mystics. In this time of unprecedented interest in religion, the shroud stands out as the most visible example of the renewed willingness—wornied all over the world—to make that "step of faith," however strong like, that is at the base of the current resurgence in religious beliefs.

Only a decade ago, one persistent question gnawed at the very foundations of the great religious institutions: "Is God dead?" For the flocks of mystic and confused who turned their backs on postmodernism, "dead deities" and religions by rote, the answer seemed obvious. The Gothic God of cathedrals, the ritual of the Pale, was slowly being killed by science, state atheism and materialism. Attendance in church and synagogue plummeted, the vacuum for the ministry

dropped. Most who left, Muddy Faith did so in a quiet, drifting way, phoning to make rental in unassuming apothecaries—the no-frills address of theology. When a spiritual vacuum inevitably grew, attempts were made to fill it by slathering their exotic cults to psychics, from astrologers to mud-dancing programs.

These days instead we are reawakened in a wave of fundamentalism, Bible-thumping evangelists which has brought with it the highly seductive instant spirituality of born-again Christians, the bodily assurance of *Prayer-to-the-Lord* television



Tapestry icon of Jesus and (right) the Shroud of Turin, making the leap of faith

preachers who sell religion like soap ads, and the group-grap for the charismatic prayer sessions. For proof that religion like *Elanagat*, *John*, *John* in the photo in after a daily religion talk show like *190* *Humble Street*. The topographies of hundreds of voices whispering into the telephone all get the same reply: Christ serves all. For further proof, the evangelists of the new evangelism—the *Bar* leaders who advertise their next engagement. Nothing is too fanciful to plug into—and make money from—the religious connection, including a new *Library* genre, the religious *Orbit*. Try *Alt* of God, Charles Tremblay's best-seller about the discovery of the bones of Jesus,

or better still, Irving Wallace's best-seller, *The Word*, scribbled for television, about the discovery of a new revelation for the New Testament. It's not surprising that a Toronto priest ruffly muttered that the current religious revival is merely "the revenge of the sentimentalists."

But the return-to-the roots movement seems to be at long last catching up with religion. Traditional faith are at the beginning—the very beginning—of making a comeback. The need for stability and order that has not sent everyone running through their childhood's search of people for their adulthood has also rediscovered religion. In the world of unbalanced generalizations where everything changes all the time, mystic churches and synagogues provide something that hasn't changed—at least not too much. "There is no doubt," says Bennett Carter, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto, "the young is definitely toward religion. But it is more profound than just church attendance. What we are seeing is the swing away from the civil of all-time old materialism. All have a yearning for something above the bread and circus of the Roman Empire."

In part, the "old" materialism are among the return of former members who never replaced their Sunday and Shabbat rituals and who now feel the emptiness. In part, they are making the benefits of the born-again and that has breathed life and emotion back into the empty fundamentalism. After satiating on the "crimes" of the rich personal born-again experience, the hope is that the believers will go back to the broad-until-then religious. "They stay with them until the high season off," says Rabbi Jordan Pearson. "The important thing is that they re-establish a linkage with religion."

That the linkage is in fact being re-established was more than evident in Rome this past year where cardinals met twice to elect a successor to St. Peter under the glare of overwhelming world interest. The prince of an empire, which contrary to belief a far from fading, were sometimes taken shock at their tables, group with overvalued public schools, are turning more and more to private schools teaching religion. (On Ontario last year there were 346 private schools, a 49 percent increase over 1971, most of which are affiliated religiously.) Interest in religion for students extends to universities, where, despite the anti-all-dog in enrichment, some departments are growing. Most re-emerging of it, perhaps, for religious institutions is the renewed number of students attracted to seminaries and Bible colleges, most of whom are on their way to reworking the depleted ranks of ministers and priests. All the activity seems to be reflected in a recent Gallup poll that

countries, far from being extirpated, has never been stronger. And in the Third World, where mystic churches festered in their monastery work like colonized liberals sought giving a handout, priests and ministers have established a controversial, high-profile linkage with liberationist movements as they seek to defend human rights.

In Canada, the signs of rampant revival are everywhere. Just in time as an example the United Church of Canada from 1944 to 1968, the United Church started up 400 new congregations, enjoying along with all other denominations the post-war religious exuberance. In the past 10 years it has started a mere 20. This year there has been an increase for the first time since 1968—in new ones have been started and plans call for an average of 10 a year for the next decade. Even more encouraging has been the surprising response to a new adult Bible study program (the book used for the course had to go into a second printing). Says Rev. Allan Wright, a United Church official: "It's really been a turnaround for us."

Canadian Jews of every branch, Orthodox, Conservative and Reform, to experience similar booms as young Jews follow the worldwide return to intensive Torah studies. Rabbi Henry Hoescheider of Toronto's Shaarei Shomayim, the largest Orthodox synagogue in Canada, has watched membership jump by over 30 percent in the past six years, while Hebrew day schools are booming. Young people who had grown up without any religious training are now making the synagogue their place of reference, and Hoescheider finds he now spends much of his time counselling families and professionals—a throwback to the pre-psychiatry days when the rabbi was the only social worker. "There is a much stronger connection to the very idea of being a Jew," he says. "They are no longer *laity*."

Even in Quebec, where the once monopolistic Roman Catholic Church suffered a severe decline in 1968, from 1969 to 1973, churches no longer need bags to draw parishioners in. And right across the country, parents, angry with overvalued public schools, are turning more and more to private schools teaching religion. (On Ontario last year there were 346 private schools, a 49 percent increase over 1971, most of which are affiliated religiously.) Interest in religion for students extends to universities, where, despite the anti-all-dog in enrichment, some departments are growing. Most re-emerging of it, perhaps, for religious institutions is the renewed number of students attracted to seminaries and Bible colleges, most of whom are on their way to reworking the depleted ranks of ministers and priests. All the activity seems to be reflected in a recent Gallup poll that

showed many more Canadians than religion has an increasing influence over their lives—36 per cent compared to 12 per cent just a decade ago.

There are exceptions, of course. Total membership in the United Church, for example, has dropped below one million for the first time since 1950. But religious fervor is not always measured in numbers. The change is so much a "winding out process," as one rabbi put it: "These who choose to stay or rejoin are already committed, for the sentimentalists of the comfortable past."

Why are the disaffected and uncommitted starting to go back? To paraphrase Voltaire, when God ceased to exist for many people, it became necessary to re-invent him. In retrospect, the church as something that has been so long, so good, the best place to alleviate the spiritual aridity. As Lou Bartlett, a 36-year-old Toronto engineer who just completed a Roman Catholic re-entry "inquiry" program, put it: "When you are away you miss a feeling that you're missing out on something. Then when you go back you have a feeling of purpose." Adds his wife, Bonnie, "There is a kind of strength that wasn't there before." Naomi Kider, a 24-year-old former science teacher, switched careers two years ago and is now studying to become a United Church minister. He and his wife Marie found that the people notice that faith alone would survive without a formal structure was false. "We realized we couldn't go on by ourselves. We needed the support of a community of faith."

Many of those returning are young couples with children suddenly wanting to be part of it, in many ways the church as a surrogate of their own childhood in the only continuity they can offer, the one institution that provides tradition and a moral structure. After an absence of almost 15 years, Dr. Stanley Dubow, a 30-year-old Toronto physician, was relieved to go back to the ritual of the synagogue. "Whenever you are in the real world, you are always thinking about tomorrow. In the synagogue everything blocks off. It's quiet, you don't have to think about the future, you're just with the sight of too many young people who 'had chosen but didn't know what to do with them,' he said. He enrolled his three children in Hebrew day school at a cost of \$2,000 each. Like many other parents, he and his wife discovered a startling fact: far from restricting the rules and regulations, their children were their moral compass. Says their son, 13-year-old Ben, "In religion I like it stated down first. I want a complete list of what to do."

Indeed, the mystic churches and synagogues are discovering a startling paradox. While they have spent the last decade and provide become a return to ritual, more responsive to moral conduct-

ness, they have spent the last decade and provide become a return to ritual, more responsive to moral conduct-

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## Lifting the veil on centuries of mystery and awe

**T**he Shroud of Turin, once described by Pope Pius VI as "the most important relic in the history of Christianity," is without doubt its most instantly mystifying. For centuries, the empty linen image of a crucified man on an aged linen cloth is just one more artifact of medievalism from the medieval religious trade that produced

showing in 45 years. Turin's *Archives Apostoliques* Museum will make their results known at its discretion, a year or more. Then skeptics and ambrosians will finally know what the chemical composition of the image is, whether the supposed blood patches contain traces of Jesus' blood, the probable age of the linen and perhaps more information will be added to bolster proof of the existence of the historical personage of Jesus that the crucial question—how was the image formed?—will probably be answered. Waters Jumper like can build up a large probability about the shroud. But will we prove that this



hundreds of centuries from the cross of Jesus and countless others from his journey. For believers—the apostles, doctors and historians who for a century have persistently added to the knowledge about the shroud—this has provided a life-time religious affair with a mystery. In fact, the shroud has inspired its own cult and its own science—forensicology—the study of the shroud. Italian for shroud. Says one of the shroud's 32-year-old semi-medical engineer Eric Jumper: "It is one of the five mysteries that can be physically studied and still stand as absolute mystery."

Last fall the mystery was put under a microscope, subjected to 120 hours of tests and space age technology including a new fluorescence analysis, optical spectroscopy and ultraviolet ray analysis. The scientists, led by a 30-year-old American, were granted that unusual privilege by the Roman Catholic Church (which guards the shroud in a triple sealed sacphrine in Turin's cathedral of St. John the Baptist) after three million pilgrims had trooped to see the relic in its first public



Shroud researchers Ray Jackson, far left, and Eric Jumper, crowd line up for a look at the Shroud. In the background, an exhibit, to the Shroud the most important relic in Christianity

image was formed by the Resurrection? That's a question we can't even approach."

But even without their results, the shroud offers much to marvel at. The process—how the shroud is a long piece of linen with a complete frontal and dorsal image of a man was used by Joseph of Arimathea to wind around the body of Christ before he was put in a tomb—seems unlikely on the surface. But consider the facts: A modern medical examination of the body on the shroud reveals that it is anatomically correct in every detail of a man who was crucified and died of asphyxiation. The man is five feet 10½ inches tall, weighing 175 pounds. His long hair was gathered at the nape of the neck in a Sephardic fashion, an image strikingly similar to popular depictions of Jesus. The crucifixion nails

on each end of the hands were driven through the wrists—not the palms as all religious art depicted—and that's important because the palms could not support the weight of a body. The wien had blood and sweat marks on his forehead as it ran from his forehead to a mark by over one hundred lash marks.

In 1988 when the first photograph of the shroud was taken by Secondo Pia, a startling discovery was made. The image on the cloth is actually a negative. As an expert the Lister I was discovered that the identity of the image, its brightness, rates in relation to the distance from the body. Whatever imprinted the image did so accurately and uniformly front and back that more shrouding the image is three dimensional. It appears only on the surface as a coat that have been printed on a surface. Any case there are not signs of pigments. A study of the dual particles and pollen on the shroud show it has been around Jerusalem, Turkey and Western Europe and a study of the linen revealed traces of cotton such like the cotton used in the Middle East 2,000 years ago.

In other words, it's a 14th-century target had followed the shroud, he would have had a remarkable knowledge of geology and anatomy.

Historically the shroud can be dated back to the late 1300s, when it appeared in the possession of a French family, descendants of a crusader of the Knights Templar. In 1453 it came into the possession of the House of Savoy, the royal family that ruled Italy until 1946 and still formally owns the shroud. During that time it survived a fire in 1532 and a flood, but is only history a body with hypothermia.

Intrigue with its shroud attracts a crowd. Jumper and his colleague John Jackson, both U.S. Air Force captains teaching at the Air Force Academy in Colorado, sometimes spend as much as 40 hours a week above their regular work hours on its studying the shroud. They were the ones to first make use of a new computer an age-enhancing device. One of their discoveries was that the eyes, far from being closed, were covered with protrusions which resembled corns, a good possibility since corns were sometimes used in burying the dead in Palestine. Other scientific specialists that the shroud could only have been formed by a quick band of light that the image was literally "scorched" on the cloth by intense energy—in other words a form of radiation. It makes one think of the burning light described in the Gospel. The shroud may remain as it is now a matter of faith, not science. Says Jumper: "The more is found out about the shroud the more questions are raised. After all the shroud, it still remains a mystery." **Angie Forester**

tem, more socially active, is part in response to the ancient definition, the "turnover" care work a structure which is more authoritarian and morally strict. The return to religion, in such a part of the general drift as society to conservatism, is an attempt to find answers. For work the rigors of Augustine's world, it's not surprising that the fastest growing congregations are the conservative Evangelical churches known for their strict moral codes and submission to the literal word of the Bible. The women also add power to the traditionalists already in the religious institutions who never accepted the reforming spirit. The Anglican primate of Canada, Archbishop Edward Scott, for instance, has been branded a Conservative for the help he directed toward African liberationist movements, for questioning business conservatism in China and for fighting for a guaranteed annual income. In Toronto, the Orthodox Russian Catholic Movement opposes the traditionalist Evangelical Latin mass twice a month in clear contravention of the spirit of Vatican II. And just recently a questionnaire returned by 1,000 United Church Observer members revealed a deep-seated anger against "liberal" officials and clergy.

Rabbi Irvin Stulid of the Adas Israel Congregation in Toronto has sadly watched Jews gravitating back to the faith searching for answers more orthodox and extreme responses. "We live in a time when the middle is eroded. People look for certainties, absolutes. They want to go either way—but all the way," he says. "Modern life offers a bewildering choice of options. People get confused. They reject the idea of choosing alternatives. They prefer to be told what to do. We could find the easy way out by becoming more fundamentalist. Intellectual honesty does not permit that." Adds Carter: "The church is shifting to be more liberal while the whole

deficit in society is to the right. I'm worried we might be getting back to a regressive society."

More someone still is a society where everyone seems to want to become a priest, preacher or faith healer is the great responsibility wielded by these is a position to manipulate society's need for direction. The goal to redress God can send converts in where the longtime believer fears to tread. The Catholic Charismatic Renewal Movement—started in the U.S. in the late 1960s and now numbering about 30,000 in Canada alone—is one example of how religious renewal can sometimes also into culture, and self-obsessed theology. In the U.S., the charismatic—Catholic and Protestant alike who believe in the gifts of the Holy Spirit, including prophecy, faith healing and a spontaneous praying "in tongues"—are under attack for obscuring the theological line between the deifications and for indulging in dubious exorcism of demons and highly dramatized personal conversions. In Canada, the movement therefore has largely avoided the exorcism.

**S**ome early leaders are turning back to the Roman Catholic Church and away from the charismatic emphasis. Bruce Scornon, a 31-year-old Toronto social worker, is one of them. "For a while it answered my needs. It's a party, a celebration. But I have come to understand more my Catholic traditions. I and many others chose to go back to the sources, to put it in a rational historical and theological context." As someone who has watched the neonatal conversion experience at work, he warns: "You tend to believe what you are told after an experience. If you are told several things, you

The Defenses with children Sean, left, 12, Daniel, 5 and Amanda, 10, searching for the tranquility that comes with ritual







## Business

# Losing at our own game, going against the grain

Ed Gall double-clutched to a loose gear, believing the rats in the access road would be the toughest part of the long grain haul into Weyburn, Saskatchewan. The real washboard, however, doesn't begin until the wheel arrives at the terminal. A shortage of hopper cars for shipments out to Thunder Bay or west to Vancouver where 41 grain ships loaded imperfectly and empty in the harbor last week, meant so many potatoes that Ed Gall's grain would consider the truck's low gear more like *Hot Holes* hypergear.

Too, at Weyburn Island Terminal,

Gall had to dodge the truck through the dusty pocket lanes made up of one dozen angry Saskatchewan farmers, members of the Canadian Agriculture Movement, who begged Gall to keep his wheat at home rather than suffer through the insults ahead, including, for Western grain growers, a labor-troubled Vancouver dockyard. Surviving that, and after loading onto a waiting Chinese ship, it would probably be clear sailing. But the

impeded ships in Vancouver harbor await too few hopper cars looking for export

ship might never come back.

It is not yet a case of falling off the edge of the world, but Canada's market for grain is beginning to slip out of her hands. While retaining 11 per cent of the world export business, Canada's reputation as a dependable deliverer is deteriorating. One in four ships bound toward U.S.-China diplomatic ties, the more aggressive Americans will soon sell twice the wheat to China that Canada sells. Also, when Japan, another good customer, put out grain tenders recently, Canada did not even bother to bid. The Canadian Wheat Board knew deliveries couldn't be met.

Ironically, the state of the Canadian grain farmer is worsening at a time when the Canadian farmer generally is improving his condition. Farm income rose a remarkable 20 per cent in 1978 to \$4.2 billion, mostly through soaring beef prices. It would have been an even more remarkable year had the grain industry not had so many problems, some of these difficult to comprehend. After the largest crop ever (16 billion bushels), reported loss because Canada's second-most important crop, but moving reported to market last fall was almost impossible because needed hopper cars remain a vanishing species in the West. Bonus allocation falls under the wheat board's control, reported, however, is insulated by independent grain handlers and exporters, and the wheat board was using all available beans to move, nationally, wheat. Its desperation, reported was tracked to Vancouver at four times last year, losing valuable sales because shipment fell behind demand.

But the wheat board is not the obvious culprit. Last April the board pleaded with Ottawa for \$200 million to upgrade 5,000 hoppers and purchase 4,000 new ones, many patchwork as the board claims 20,000 new cars are needed. Canada moves to hold on to its export market share in the 1980s. When the new cars weren't forthcoming—Canadian Pacific assured Ottawa there were enough—the wheat board tendered directly for up to 5,000 new hopper cars which, the farmers soon realized, would be paid for out of their own pockets. CP has even refused to take part in the gov-

ernment's skunk-and-repair program, although cars are going out of service at a rate of 1,800 a year. Last week, in the House of Commons, Transport Minister Otto Lang said he had never agreed with CP officials that the present number of cars was enough and plans to raise with the four Western provinces in Winnipeg in the next few weeks to lose 10,000 cars.

The problem, unfortunately, goes beyond the railroads. The new West Coast terminal at Prince Rupert was to have eased Vancouver's load, but machines and loading meant all this year's grain went to Vancouver, described by one official as a "medical pony." First, renovations and mechanical difficulties have only added to the backlog already created by an unhappy labor force whose renegotiation of agreement ran out Dec. 31. The solution that is being sought is more and more obvious in the appointment of a grain transport controller—something Lang has already hinted at—to run all phases of the grain movement. It would be, however, a daunting task. As Geoffrey Blain, the manager of the BC Grain Shippers' Clearance Association, says, "The only transport commissioner who would work out is God." Roy McGregor, with correspondents' reports

## It's GATT to stop someday

Missing yet another deadline, negotiators from 98 nations broke off their talks last week in Geneva for a Christmas recess without completing their work on a new General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the rule book for international commerce. The talks, aimed at liberalizing world trade, began here in September, 1973, and were originally scheduled to conclude in 1975. Since then, several deadlines have come and gone. Then, last summer in Rome, the seven leading industrial nations\* set Dec. 15 as a new deadline, and it looked like it might stick. But, whether as a result of sympathy at bloody revolutions, the talks crumbled through the deadline without a pause.

The tariff negotiators with our principal trading partners are at an advanced stage and significant agreements are now being negotiated," reported Rodney Grey, Canada's chief negotiator, from Geneva. "However, several difficult areas remain for particular products remain to be negotiated with the delegations of the European Community, Japan and the United States."

What Grey did not say, but what others are saying privately, is that France

is now the main obstacle to an agreement. Japan, everybody's villain last summer, has reached agreement with the U.S. on a major package and most of the rest. European Community negotiators appear ready to sign as well. But France is holding out until the U.S. passes legislation suspending punitive import duties due to take effect next month on about \$500 million of European goods (and \$150 million in Canadian jobs). The U.S. administration has promised to introduce the legislation, but France wants to see it passed by Congress before it agrees to a new GATT. Given the pace at which Congress normally works and the growing strength of protectionist views in the U.S., it could take another two months to pass the legislation. That means agreement on a new GATT is off until the spring at the earliest.

Jan Urquhart

\*Britain, Canada, France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, West Germany

## Big stick, slow burn

At home in net blackmail—it's business," boomed Jacques Fauriol, managing with his usual flair to call upon the ethical 19th-century capitalists to justify the Quebec movement's impending take-over of U.S.-controlled Asbestos Corporation Ltd. and its two Quebec mines. Undaunted by asbestos' warning: cancer as an immediate cause of lung disease, the partly Parti Quebecois Senator Minister re-

Asbestos' Finks the corporate takeover



REUTERS/CP

Quebec's victory Was the main domino

Senators. Ltd. Manitoba-based Dominion. Canada's third largest farm products firm, last week offered to buy control of the biggest U.S.-owned mine—Mackinac Island Mine Ltd., now owned by a U.S. trust—\$2.55 (\$500 million total) for every Mackinac share. With one buy, the deal was done. Mackinac announced the deal morning but it had acquired 90 per cent of Dominion from the Court of Bankruptcy and Liquidation Corp. and a Montreal Mining and Exploration Co. Ltd. and that it would give \$250 cash for the remaining 10 million Dominion shares.

But Dominion's long struggle wasn't purely asbestos. It had been buying up U.S. assets 17 per cent portion of the company for years. It was now too late when Dominion President Alvin Haddleton and Dominion Chairman (and former Angus director) Alvin Haddleton decided to govern the paper giant's assets with a bid of their own. Mackinac President Calvin Knudsen snatched back from the same morning and before anyone could try to meet with the two were locked in a struggle where Mackinac's majority more prominent offer is favored. If the merger succeeds from either direction the offering will be a good sales of more than \$5 billion, a boost to Mackinac's cash-heavy balance sheet and conservative management. Most plans aside for Dominion in the international marketplace. Ian Brown



## The David and Goliath game

Only a day goes by these underdog and know when another chunk of someone's world will erupt with a most unlikely partner. On the list at the Hudson's Bay Co.'s apparently successful for far



REUTERS/CP



## From China with golly-gee prose

Man-on-the-street interviews are the bane of any self-styled "journalist's" existence: there is something inherently silly about tapping some stranger on the street and eliciting his views on anything from increased hydro rates to smoking after sex. But last summer, when John Fraser, *The Globe and Mail's* Peking correspondent, was asked by his editors to find out what the average Chinese thought about Canada, he had to laugh for another reason. This was China, where there was no man-on-the-street possibility, where contact between foreigners (especially Soviet journalists) and locals, except when carefully choreographed by officials, was out of the question. Nearly six months later, Fraser found himself caught up in the poster wall developments.

Ordinary Chinese, as difficult to talk to in China as in popularity in England, were gathering by the thousands at the long brick wall on Chang An Avenue, not only to read the political messages as the big character posters and speak their minds about democracy, but also to tell fellow posterists denuded their names and even ask for their telephone numbers. *The Globe's* eighth resident correspondent in Peking states the ho-

man opened in 1959 is a religious agreement that allowed China to send correspondents to Ottawa, Fraser had not expected to encounter "something as exciting, like really exciting" as this fact, after a two-week free-for-all had somewhat subsided, although *The Globe and Mail's* Peking correspondent, Fraser, had given the movement tentative approval. They had also indicated in their own inimitable way when enough was enough. But at least Fraser, with just a touch of his characteristic golly-gee enthusiasm, was able to report: "I could do a man-on-the-street now—and do it well!" When the *Star* story broke in late November, Fraser, dead tired after a four-week tour of Vietnam and a 10-day writing spree that produced a seven-part series on that country, gave up on the idea of a Hong Kong holiday and plunged into it. He produced a string of compelling, highly personalized accounts of an event in which he was a participant as well as an observer. "For a while, I didn't think people outside would believe what was happening." The former dance and drama critic for *The Globe and Mail*, 38, began as a copy boy at *The Toronto Telegram* and maintains the biggest journalistic adjustment he ever made was not the move from drama to Peking but "an overnight switch from the police desk to the bullies' beat." He arrived in China a year ago expecting to find "a remote China, a China of feature stories." Instead, Premier Hu Kuo-feng surprised the world and kept the front pages logging recently with a modernization program in which former political bureau members were transformed into acceptable steps toward "progress." As a result, Fraser was able to state exultantly before he had even heard the good news that Canada would soon be sold this life for the 27 foreign journalists in Peking would never be the same again.

For the first time in the history of *The Globe and Mail's* bureau, he and his wife, Elizabeth McCulloch, were able to invite an ordinary Chinese of their own choosing to dinner—a young newspaper they had met and liked but disappeared of ever meeting again privately. "It's a completely new thing, having a Chinese friend," marvels Fraser. "Just to be able to talk to these people about their lives and aspirations, just to have normal conversations—it has blown my mind."

Fraser has a writing style that is personal and chatty—perfectly reflective of a man described by one of his colleagues as "a constant mouth." Richard Doyle, editor-in-chief of *The Globe and Mail*, quotes another staff member as



Reporter Fraser, participant and observer

saying: "John writes as though he had just got off the plane, walked down the airport and said 'I've just got to tell you what I saw.'" There is about him more than a slight air of the Upper Canadian professor: this knowledge of the blood lines of good Canadian families runs to the fasciatis. He and Elizabeth, a former *Mac* writer who had to curtail most of her professional activity in China, live in a massive seven-room apartment attended by an interpreter, a driver, a housekeeper and a cook "who makes the best apple pie in Peking."

"We have a good table and a staff to clean up afterward," says Fraser. "We live far better here than we would in Greater, affluent Canada."

The cost to *The Globe* of maintaining the bureau is more than \$50,000 a year. It seemed, for years, to be a nominal price to pay for being the only North American correspondent in Peking. However, with United States recognition of China, it seems certain Fraser will be the last to enjoy such distinction.

Judith Tinsan

## They shall be known by the scars of torture

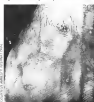


Dr. Berger

The call came from a hotel near Toronto International Airport where visitors to Canada who are suspected of being illegal immigrants are detained. "There's a man here who needs help," said the voice. "He's a refugee from Chile, and I think he might have been tortured." Acting on the tip, a member of the human rights group which received the call appeared the next morning, accompanied by a lawyer and a Spanish interpreter.

During hours of skilled and sensitive questioning, the 37-year-old baker's chilling account of physical and mental torture by Chilean military police emerged. An exhaustive medical examination subsequently corroborated his story. His body is scarred by cigarette burns, by needles thrust into his tongue,

Dr. Berger examines Chinese whose teeth were packed loose and hand bound by cigarette burns (below): unfair decisions



by the application of electricity to his genitals, neck and face. His sleep is profoundly disturbed by recurrent images of his best friend's execution by being gagged, at the age of the nine-year-old son of a fellow political prisoner at Pitou, a "concentration camp" where more than 800 Chilean men and women were forced to observe and submit to systematic torture for "crimes" as grave as providing food for the orphaned children of parents seized by the military police.

The victim who made it to Toronto was lucky. With help, he was able to persuade Canadian immigration authorities he had a "well-founded" fear of persecution if he returned home. His request for political asylum was approved. For 13 other Latin Americans currently awaiting deportation in Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, fate hasn't been so kind. On the contrary, they have discovered that the process by which refugee claims are evaluated in Canada is, in the words of Toronto bar admission student Lorne Waldman, "a breach of every rule of natural justice."

At no point from the time a refugee makes his initial contact with immigration officials until a deportation order is entered is he advised that legal, medical and moral support is available to assist him at minimal or no cost. According to the Anglican Church of Canada's George Cross, chairman of the interchurch Committee on Human Rights in Latin America, refugees are instructed that they are entitled to a lawyer, but many waive their right because they are given no help to locate one. What's more, not only does a refugee lack the right to an oral hearing in the presence of the federal Refugee Status Advisory Committee which assesses his claim—but he has no right to an appearance before the appeal board or even to know the reasons for the committee's decision.

"We know of 13 cases right now where the process has failed people whom we believe to be bona fide refugees," says Cross. "They are all in serious danger if they return home." Several were brutally tortured before they fled to Canada, adds Waldman, who has secured no legal counsel to about 40 political refugees from Latin America. Yet because they had built or no legal representation during immigration proceedings, medical evidence supporting their accounts of persecution was not submitted. "It's incumbent upon the government to ensure these people are properly represented by a lawyer and examined by a medical doctor," says Toronto physician Philip Berger. "At the present time, they are not making fair and just decisions."

Berger, who works out of the South



"This democracy idea is getting out of control."

Riverside Community Health Centre is spearheading the efforts of Amnesty International's Canadian Medical Group to establish a nationwide network of doctors who will examine and treat torture victims as a condition for release of charge. Despite the sometimes urgent need for treatment, most refugees have to money for medical care and, until they are officially accepted as refugees, are not entitled to medical insurance coverage in most provinces. So far, in the Toronto area alone, about 20 physicians and 30 dentists have volunteered their services.

To emphasize the importance of medical examinations, Burger tells about a 35-year-old Chilean refugee who had been overloaded and raped repeatedly by a group of men. "She had never told anyone about it, not even her lawyer. It came out in a very traumatic way during a thorough history-taking, and it might have been a huge surprise except under these circumstances."

Cran refers to a 1971 documentary film called *I Am a Refugee*, produced by the UN High Commission for Refugees, to illustrate the necessity of an oral hearing to refugees. In it, a refugee succeeds in appealing his original rejection by demonstrating dramatically that a signed "confession" submitted as evidence against him was extracted under torture by authorities in his own country. "It is in the TV's interpretation of what transpires in most countries when an individual seeks admission as a refugee," explains Cran. "People are shocked when we tell them this is not how it happens here."

In Canada, a refugee can submit a written request for an appeal, he says. "It is 90 per cent of men, he won't get it." Says more, adds Waldman, a refugee here is forbidden from knowing if other evidence has even been considered by the committee. "He is given an opportunity to refute it. Their deliberations are all held in secret." Committee Chairman Roger Ziegler, one of three civil service appointees, says members may request an oral hearing with an appeal if they think it necessary. "It's unlikely that we would, though," he says. "It would waste a precedent, and the need just hasn't arisen." According to Ziegler, the committee has been encouraged to minimize a "low profile."

An angry Burger says he has a secondary reason for photographing the inquiries made by the refugees he examines. "I want those committee members to see what these people look like. It seems incredible to me that they occur most from face-to-face." Remarks Edgier Ziegler. "We've had very few adverse comments. I think the system works very well."

Judy Dabke

## Behavior

# Now those dog days don't sound so bad

It's a well-known hypothesis that people with close human contacts are often less vulnerable to disease than those who live in loneliness and isolation. It has also long been suspected that even the company of a pet gives people a psychological advantage. But until now, no authoritative studies have linked the presence of a pet to a person's physical well-being. "When I first thought of doing research on that issue, people said, 'No,'" says Dr. Aaron Katcher, of the University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia) psychiatry professor whose recent study has reinforced exactly that link.

"The whole idea of the social sciences considers relationships with human beings as having paramount importance. Other factors just aren't considered."

Dr. Katcher noticed that patients who were in intensive care units for heart attacks suffered a marked decrease in the number of arrhythmias (irregular heart rhythms) when they were having their blood pressure taken, physical contact with the nurse seemed to be a factor. He and his associates reasoned that if heart-attack patients had pets at home, their chances for recovery might be improved.

Ninety-two people who had suffered heart attacks agreed to involve themselves in the study. Many were elderly and in the lower income strata. Fifty-three had pets. At the end of one year (the first year after a heart attack is the

most critical one in determining survival), 50 of the patients with pets were still alive, and only those had died. Those without pets fared much worse. It had died, and only 25 were still alive.

The possibility that these patients with pets happened to be healthier than those without them was ruled out: the researchers had adjusted the individual health status of the patients to render them mathematically all at the same level. Another explanation quickly shot down was that those who surrounded might have been dog owners who improved their health by having to exercise their pets, while only 30 patients in the study had pets which were not dogs—they had cats, fish and even an iguana—all of those 30 survived.

"The over-all conclusion that we have to come to is that having an animal companion probably has significant health benefits for people who have had heart attacks and may increase their ability to survive," says Dr. Katcher, who is planning a bigger study with a larger control group.

Dr. Katcher isn't claiming that owning a pet is a potential substitute for heart treatment. But on the basis of his present findings, he is optimistic that future studies will prove that loving contact—even from a pet—can help prolong the lives and the happiness of heart patients.

Brenda Bakkin



## Advertising

# The promo that launched a thousand protests . . .

Officials of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) have never received a protest like it. Not since Elvis swelled on Ed Sullivan's stage has TV seemingly triggered such concerted outrage. At least 38,000 coupons, letters and petitions from across Canada have flooded commission offices in the past three months condemning sanitary napkins and tampon commercials as unsuitable for TV and offensive in content. Many of the protests—a majority have come from women and they encompass all age groups—claim the ads should be kept in women's magazines to avoid embarrassment when they are beamed to audiences that include men and children.

One of the feminine hygiene ads, which runs on several networks and independent stations, excluding the CBC, shows the days peeling off a calendar while a voice advertises women to wear bellinis pads. "On tampon days, wear for extra protection, on light or maybe" days for safety and every day so you're always fresh and sure."

It forces mothers to explain this sort of thing to their four-year-olds, says Mississauga, Ontario, housewife Shirley Mullan, who found only one in 275 in a door-to-door neighborhood survey approved of the ads. The majority of protests are from British Columbia,

where a coupon campaign by Vancouver Premier columnist Nicole Parizeau yielded 33,000 objections and one by the rival Star produced 39,000. "People have been disgusted with the ads since they began five years ago," Parizeau explains. "Our coupon campaign has merely provided us with a means of protest." Commission Chairman Pierre Côté admits to being flabbergasted at the extent of the protest, advertising complaints sent directly to the CRTC average only 18 letters a month.

The West Coast ground swell appears to be moving east as other columnists spill ink on the controversy and the Catholic Women's League urges its 112,000 members to join the protests. At a Winnipeg hearing Dec. 3, commissioners received 12,798 protest coupons from Marjorie Rie's Winnipeg Tribune column.

The CRTC's 18 members may regulate the character of advertising, but have not so far moved against ads for feminine hygiene products. Any attempt to restrict them would require public notice and an opportunity for public comment. Dr. Côté intends first to initiate discussion with the Television Committee, the broadcaster's self-regulatory organization, and the Advertising Standards Council, the self-regulatory arm of the Canadian Advertising Advisory Board, to see if they can solve the problem among themselves.

Allowing self-regulation is like "let-



Marjorie Rie, neighbor Kap Maron, survey showed only one who approved of the ads.

ting the monkeys guard the bananas," says Parizeau, whose brand of consumer power has already shaken one from the trees—Scott Paper Limited of Vancouver, makers of Confidant. After receiving only 30 protest letters three years ago, Scott scrapped a planned \$60,000 TV Ads. Canadian Telecom Corporation Ltd. President Harry Kelley says a voluntary moratorium on the daytime hygiene ads on TV is a possible solution.

"We began advertising on TV in July, but have never felt it was the proper place," he says. "But we felt our sales would suffer if we didn't use TV." Johnson & Johnson Ltd., Kimberly-Clark of Canada Limited and Playtex Limited (last year bought \$2.8-billion worth of beveled pipe to replace their share of the country's 349-million feminine hygiene market).

Marketing manager Peter Lawden of Montreal-based Johnson & Johnson says few franchisees have voiced complaints. Following the recent protest wave, he has ordered an update on a two-year-old survey which showed seven per cent of telephone "randomly selected" as neither 20 per cent "mildly objected."

Articles in Toronto dailies this fall inspired another 1,200 letters to the commission. Others, like 10-year-old Brian Parnassian of Toronto, who researched the topic for a college term paper, found the ads offensive, but for different reasons. Her interviewees, dilated explanations such as "heavy days," "light days" and "bellinis protection."

"I think the ads could be educational and should come right out and deal with the product in a clear way," she insists. "The way they talked around the subject is misleading."

Diane Francis



## An issue that has split the rock of church unity

At a time of year associated with both the renewal of Christian spirit and the giving of gifts, Archbishop Edward W. (Ted) Scott, primate of the Anglican Church of Canada, is still hoping for a belated present: a decision by the Salvation Army to rejoin the beleaguered World Council of Churches.

Two weeks before Christmas, Archbishop Scott returned to Toronto from London, England, where he and other officials of the WCC met with Sally Ann Ineson in hopes of persuading them to rejoin their "temporary suspension" of membership in the 300-member association of Protestant Churches. These hopes now seem pinned to an international meeting in August.

Underlying the London talks is a long-simmering dispute about the moderate role of the church, which threatens not only to rend the fabric of the Anglican Church of Canada but to derange the occasional efforts of churches around the world.

A slight, energetic man of 58, Scott is nobody's idea of a flaming radical. As leader of Canada's one million Anglicans, he leads a conservative rearguard of white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. But as moderator of the Presbyterian

General Committee of the World Council of Churches, he is also responsible to a much wider constituency—one that is increasingly insistent that the world's churches should be taking a strong stand on important social issues. Says Scott: "Forty per cent of the active Anglicans in the world live in Africa—this is no longer a WACC organization."

Racism is one of those pressing social issues. It is the WCC's regularly timed effort to halt racism by making grants to "liberation" movements in Africa and elsewhere that have caused a worldwide controversy. Through its Program to Combat Racism, the council last year gave almost \$400,000 to 26 groups around the world who are "aligned with the victims of racial injustice." The recipients included two African liberation movements with well-deserved reputations for violence: the South West African Peoples' Organization (SWAPO) and the Zimbabwe Patriotic Front. Both are left-wing, militant groups. SWAPO has been involved in terrorist incidents in Namibia, and the Patriotic Front in Rhodesia is waging a full-scale guerrilla war against the white-ruled government of Premier Ian Smith. According to critics, the grants are fueling that war. The WCC, they say, is lending its imprimatur to an organization which has been accused of murdering priests and ministers. At the very least, the critics say, the grants should be more closely supervised to ensure that the money is used only for humanitarian purposes.

The three-million-member Salvation Army has long been opposed to the way in which grants have gone to groups such as SWAPO and the Patriotic Front, which together form the Patriotic Front. Last August, when the WCC released an \$80,000 grant to the Patriotic Front (from funds allocated in 1973) the

Billy Ann promptly "suspended" its membership in the Council in protest. Said General Arnold Brown, international head of the Salvation Army: "We have been under enormous pressure to supply our donors with proof that money given to the World Council of Churches does not end up in support for armed violence."

If proof positive is the Billy Ann's price, it may be impossible for the WCC to pay it. Archbishop Scott contends that there is no foolproof way of ensuring that money given to buy bandages isn't used to buy bullets, but he thinks it highly unlikely "The grants [in the Patriotic Front] are only \$80,000," he says, "and there are no reports of 145,000 people in the refugee camps in Angola. The grant just doesn't go far enough to buy arms. Another \$125,000 in 1978 went to SWAPO, but as a WCC document points out, all of the money given to African liberation movements since the program began in 1960 would not buy a single tank. Archbishop Scott also fears dissent from growing numbers of Canadian Anglicans. A CTV television show aired last fall, which Scott describes as "badly slanted" (among other things it said that proceeds from collection plates are being used to buy guns for the Patriotic Front, when in fact donations must be specially earmarked for the Program to Combat Racism), only served to make matters worse.

Scott agrees that a poor job has been done of explaining the grants. He also thinks the controversy in Canada is overblown. Less than \$300,000 of the Program to Combat Racism funds come from Canada, and the program itself constitutes only slightly more than one per cent of the WCC's work. Scott believes the grants are a legitimate part of the church's work, but he says, "We do not condone violence. All of our grants arise from a genuine humanitarian concern."

The controversy is unlikely to abate—certainly not while the Salvation Army remains estranged from the World Council of Churches. Welcoming the Billy Ann back into that organization was Ted Scott's dream of the perfect Christmas present. But it looks as if this is one gift he will have to wait for.

William Dwyer

## This was the year the future began to unfold, an Invisible Man become visible

By Barbara Arnold

The press release invited me to an evening at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnic Institute to celebrate the publication of a booklet titled *Taking What's Ours*. The booklet, sponsored by an inter-church group "to promote social justice in Canada," is a guidebook to help women on welfare get (a) wages from the government for doing their own housework, (b) more welfare, and (c) additional wages for going to college. The highlight of the evening was guest

speaker Margaret Prescott Roberts of the City University of New York. Said single mother Ms. Prescott-Roberts: "I was doing two jobs and not getting paid for them. I was a full-time unpaid housewife and an unpaid student. All I got was welfare. You're cheating me, I said." Ms. Prescott-Roberts, now a CUNY instructor and recipient of much improved benefits, proved the Ryerson Women's Action Group, reminding the assembled women that the secret of a successful campaign is "to use the state against the state."

With these words Ms. Prescott-Roberts summed up the most significant development in Canada in 1978. This has been the year in which the society of the future, like H.G. Wells's *Invisible Man* dying in the snow, began to reveal a shape. Then in a society in which such special interest groups try to use the state to enforce its ambitions on the rest of us. Further, it is the decade in which all interest groups have come to believe that each and every one of their ambitions is a just human right, and being in their demands the natural necessity that goes with this realization. Every aspect of our culture and "quality of life" is now menaced by the shadow of the Invisible Man becoming visible.

Consider. This was the year in which the City of Toronto seriously considered a bylaw restricting the number of dogs to two per person.

- This was the year in which prosecutions were begun under Toronto's anti-smoking bylaw.
- This was the year in which at least

two provinces banned outstanding French film-maker Louis Malle's *Provoc*. It was also the year in which the Supreme Court of Canada upheld the right of provincial seniority boards (boards, incidentally, that work in the public's name but are totally unaccountable to it) to do so.

- This was the year in which a 16-year-old girl was cheated out of \$25 when making her Canada Savings Bond because she did not have a social insurance number—a social insurance number that was introduced by legislation

manifester to be self-employed.

So that no one should misunderstand my motives, I will point out that (a) I own no dogs, (b) cigarette smoke makes me reek, (c) I loathe pornography, (d) I have a 305 number on 2 roads, (e) I am short-changed by a Canada Savings Bond should I want to cash one in, (f) I find it a damn nuisance if I am solicited in the street, and I must even confess to a secret delight that my husband could be so charged should he, (g) I could sue on the money the public might pay me for opening my refrigerator, cooking my breakfast and washing my dishes, particularly since I have never been incarcerated and have not been the beneficiary of the now abolished tax breaks.

I find these measures tragic and oppose them violently not because they restrict or inconvenience me. On the contrary, they would only improve the quality of my life. But I recognize what special interest groups will not, until it is much too late once you let the price of the state out of its little silver fist will be free to serve your enemies and, most of all, itself.

A Toronto homosexual bar recently felt the first ever-to-gentle kick of the escaping genre: when they were not allowed to register a substantial water with a grey water of their choice in a truly free society it clearly should be free to establish its own employment criteria. But, among others, the gay community has been the most vocal in enlisting the aid of the state in denying others the same freedom. As for Ms. Prescott-Roberts, the multitalented has not yet dawned on her, although the booklet she was promoting complained bitterly about it, that the state she uses to pay for her housework and college degree—the state she wishes "to use against the state"—is sending mysterious bills to Canadian homes to find out whether welfare recipients' boy-friends (such thing above or below the waist. The state is feeling its oats.



Archbishop Scott, Primate of the Anglican Church of Canada, is the aid used for humanitarian purposes?



# Face to face with the ghost of country

There was no mistaking the pedigree: *Hank Williams: The Show He Never Gave* was a thoroughbred all the way. Having opened at the Bessie Arras Hotel in Ottawa in November, 1977, it moved on down the road to the Horseshoe Tavern in Toronto and stood the town on its ear. Critics tripped over one another's hyperbole, tales of personal convulsion rivalling Paul's story about the road to Damascus. Hard-core Hank Williams fans stared deep into the eyes of Sneydy Waters, who bore him an uncanny resemblance, but others had to be told that Hank Williams was, and still is, a legend in country music, composer of classics—*Four Christen's Heart, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry and Jewels*—and a year later a national tour is launched, its high-water mark a New Year's Eve gala at the National Arts Centre—the show Williams would have given 30 years ago on New Year's Eve, had he not succumbed to his personal devil.

So what was this show doing in Montreal's sleazy Rialto Street? There it was, upstairs over a strip joint proudly advertising erotic movies on large-screen TV in their Film-O-Lounge, next door to a stretch of cruising bars and discoes catering to the adoring sex-sequestered, eye-liner set. The idea to mount the show in the barn and holeys took that Williams might have picked come out of a brainstorming session. The producers liked the idea because it was cheap and suited the show; director Peter Frischlich loved it because it gave him a chance to confound his experiments in "breaking down that invisible line between the actor and the audience." And it suited author Maynard Collins, whose idea it had been to recreate an event that never took place. Hank Williams didn't do his show Dec. 31, 1952. He wasn't his mother's place, he didn't look for a little consolation. His wife, Audrey, had divorced him, the Grand Ole Opry had kicked him off their show for erratic and sloppy performances, and his agents had booked him out on a gruelling stretch of one-night stands. He was also taking painkillers for a damaged back and drinking. A lethal combination of booze and pills would leave him dead in the back-



rest of his Cadillac the next day, Jan. 1, 1953. What kind of show might he have given the night before?

The task was rendered formidable. Hank Williams without his name was antithetical. The show called for a performer who could handle both the singing and the characterization. Maynard Collins had found one in a veteran of the cabaret scene and an institution in Ottawa folk circles: Sneydy Waters (a.k.a. Peter Bolduan). He knew the songs, the style, and there was that uncanny resemblance. Could he act? Even Waters had reservations. "I and you without really thinking about it, partly because I didn't think the project would get off the ground. Then Maynard showed up

Sneydy on stage at the Horseshoe Tavern. Hank (above) just before his death; will the real Hank Williams please stand up?

with a manuscript. Jesus Christ, 30 pages of script and I'm the guy who couldn't do memory work at school?"

On stage, Hank Williams comes apart, the only other character in the audience itself. "What we want to do," says director Frischlich, "is strike a balance between the two sides of the audience. There's the side that wants drama at any cost—the side that identifies with Hank, the victim, the performer who falls down because of pressure from the audience."

That audience involvement can be

pretty direct. "One night I was in the middle of an evangelical spiel I do in the second act," Waters remembers. "And this guy yells 'But my alibi!' What that happens, says Frischlich, "unintentionally, someone else will yell 'Leave him alone!' All of which should make it pretty tough for Waters to concentrate. I just didn't believe my God-like cloud of protection. Things were in, but they didn't affect me that much." Still, for the cross-Canada tour, he asked that many of the dates be played in theatres as a reprieve from the intensity of bars.

In Montreal, the horridness, sensuality of nightclub operators nearly sank the show. A disco called Le Double Jeu seemed ideal. Once a dance hall, it featured a good-sized stage, a vast dance floor with lots of room for tables and chairs, a balcony that runs right around the perimeter, a long bar, and—yes—seven three-lane wagon wheels hung from the ceiling as chandeliers. Despite a contrast that clearly suited otherwise, the club's waitresses handled drinks throughout the show. Music from the strip joint downstairs came blasting up through the floor. A quoniam "I'm so lonesome, I'm cold, distressed" faded into "Oh, ah, ah, ah, stayin' alive." Talking didn't help. When it was pointed out that the conditions were less than conducive to a good performance, the club management pointed out that they didn't particularly care. Gentrified suburb didn't help. When a waitress in the balcony performed in perching poses who preferred to watch the show, an arse Frischlich dumped a bottle of beer on the girl's tray. Moments later, three large and nasty-looking gentlemen threatened to break his arm.

Humiliation piled on humiliation. The music downstairs was turned up rather than down. The club insisted that the weekend shows start early to be one soon enough to catch a chunk of the street's disco action. But somehow the show survived it all and went on to a transparent return engagement at the Bessie Arras, where the only problem was the crank trying to go on—despite an old December nights began at 9 o'clock.

All hands are looking forward to New Year's Eve at the National Arts Centre. A show among friends with a party to follow. Watching a tarted and tickle further and further into a personal hell, a man with no options left singing songs of heartbreak and misery, may not be traditional fare for a New Year's Eve. But co-producers Dean Harwood-Jones and Robert McNeill's devotion to friends goes "Why grit your teeth and smile through another New Year's party? Come on down and cry your eyes out with a really depressing show." Ory's time again. Wayne Grigsby



Popov Vodka, sure and simple. No filler, no fancy claims. Just one of the world's best vodkas.

# Candor can be its own reward

At this stage they were much like the anti-characters they played in *The Carpenters*, the movie they had been making when they first met. To be with him, Elizabeth Ashley had forsaken a career that she'd built up in the first place only with great difficulty. Now, after six years as a housewife, she was trying to get back into the action to support herself and her small son. George Peppard was miserable being an unrepentable workaholic of the *Just One* variety, missing her back but going about it all wrong. The dissonant cues when Peppard snatched Ashley on the head with a hot skillet. She perished by jamming a loaded



Ashley as Maggie the Cat, her 1974 Broadway knockout, but first she had to bare

shot in Sorkelshewin in 1973. They too now in a noisy house on a quiet street in Santa Monica, she's in a dress that she and the general atmosphere is chaotic. It's not a road tour without the motion which is very much the Ashley style. It's a character, the far distance that Ashley was written for her face, and added by Peter Pearson, the "theater" of it in a series of far-fetched hotels. It's a book also that the book is controversial link.

The main complaint has been George Peppard who doesn't have much to say in the book is brought to life with considerable compassion. So far he hasn't said: "He hasn't spoken to me since," says Ashley. "No, well it's not right—he did call. He told me. Discretion has never been your strong suit." For goodness' sake, it's not subject for instance, about looking out at the political economy all the cinema in Canada when she has now made four films. George

Peppard's advice are the same, she says. "You take what's away from the man and he thinks he owns a piece of your life."

But that remark also includes to me personal and fun too. Ashley has been in the stage now for 21 years, her great triumph was as Maggie in a 1974 New York production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. She was television for many between films and this in turn is to support the luxury of theatre. Her latest project will see her producing a play for the first time. But uninvited a political cartoon with actresses, male dancers, gospel singers, mimes and a few more girls. It's called *Spies in California* in the spring and then go on a major tour. Ashley's latest is a month here, a month there. It's a story Ashley relates that long a time on the road. She means few opportunities, says one member of the tribe, to carry on her most remarkable achievement. "I'm not a girl like an African movie with her playing all the parts."

Don Fribourg

## Life on the road, with or without the motion

Five last time Elizabeth Ashley was in Toronto, she stopped by an eight-hour car on Queen Street—after hours in the Toronto scene of playing open society and with just a bit of a bit of Ashley's heart in hoping just about the following day, and shortly thereafter the pick cleared its door. However, the two weeks were unbroken, though it would be difficult to argue that the dawn of her existence was more than the start of low court hands. Her re-appearance to politics, Ashley's first-selling mirror, was another such Broadway display. She people like calls them "the first" kept striking themselves to her—towards fingers on musicians. Especially musicians, who recognize the lifestyle at this point.

"I've lived this way for as long as I can remember," says the 39-year-old actress with her almost boyish thinness. The whole idea of being on the road, going a group of the theatre, it's a very old tradition. "I've got the kind of talent and elements that came together nowhere else in the world." What she means is a touch of *Madame X* and the portable Indian and of rockers and artists.

Ashley's father was a jazz man who once played with Billie Holiday and when she was growing up in the South "I thought her father, Little Richard and Billie Holiday were just the local bands." Her present husband is Jim McGinty, a former Toronto musician and street artist. They met when he was sound engineer on Peter Pearson's film *Playbook* series,

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# Alas for poor Melvin, who walked on broken glass—his boa constrictor did him in

By Alan Fotheringham

Upheaval quotes of 1978

"I can lose, but I never do."

—Pierre Trudeau

"Canada is the first country that I'd come up if I did not live here."

—Kiel International, Inc. President Philip Kline, in a comment to the annual meeting.

"I wish some people in high places would stop talking about the three-martini lunch. I happen to think that the three-martini lunch is the epitome of American efficiency. Where else can you get an awful, a bellyful and a smooth at the same time?"

—Former president Gerald Ford, endorsing President Carter for his comments about expense account living.

"I think I know how Jesus felt on the cross."

—Leo Côté, after being fired as coach of the Toronto Argonauts.

"I'm old-fashioned and probably differ from my fellow chain-smokers, but I wanted to wait until I met the man I was going to marry. That's the reason I waited until I met Kirk."

—Former U.S. beauty queen Joyce McKinnis, who jumped head in Britain and died days later as a result, just before her scheduled trial on charges of kidnapping. Marlene, missing. Kirk Anderson and choosing her to be in a remote farm cottage in England.

"I heard what the prime minister said, but he did not say a word."

—Allen Lawrence (PC-Northwest), head of the union.

"The word I used is bark, the word I think I should have used is bark."

—Pierre Trudeau

"All across this nation Canadians hear the prime minister say what he thought, and it starts with bull and it ends with another word—a four-letter word."

—John DeFebo

"Shut up, George."

—Pierre Trudeau

"I'm always disappointed if I see someone I know on my flight because then I have to chat. I prefer to read."

—Senator Keith Dwyer, co-chairman

of the Liberal campaign strategy, in a *Weekend Magazine* profile.

"If it were within my power to wave a magic wand, I'd be happily married with lots of little children at my feet—baking bread, cutting preserves, picking, singing—happy."

—Margaret Trudeau

—Moderation is state."

—Michael Weyers, chief general manager of the Toronto Transit Commission, explaining the transit system's decline is its number of riders.

"At least my situation can be reinter-



dict—but whoever heard of silence for the brass?"

—Stella Parker, sister of Inman country-rock singer Dolly Parton, after Billy Carter and Stella's celebrity couple in more than his own because Stella's "fat-cheated."

"I desire the Polo centrally."

—Jimmy Carter's interpreter, translating the president's remarks on arriving in Warsaw.

"But I think Mr. head dreadful thing to tell you, but my head most people's heads do fast. But I'm told by people who teach swimming that there are some of us whose head is—in the way I'll put it—bigger than the rest of us. And it goes down."

—Joe Clark, explaining why he can't swim.

"It could be I'm not advancing that my thought processes are absolutely devoid of clarity."

—John Duggan Blain, explaining to selector general that he might be partly to blame for getting the impression he



didn't think "interceptions extras" by the RCMP were slight.

"It wasn't a pleasant thing to have to do, but I had little choice. Unfortunately, Le Grand Melvin was already dead."

—Gaston Gresson, manager of Club Lacapelle in La Tuque, Quebec, after he had cut off with a single the head of a boa constrictor that had inadvertently strangled, before an audience of 150 nightclub entertainer Jean Gue Larrière, who performed under the name of Grand Melvin and wore a vampire's black cape and fangs, which he had broken about and pierced his side with nails.

"But I don't type. Just to some people won't think Conrad married his secretary."

—Shirley Walker, Western treasurer and corporate secretary of Western Dominion Investment Co. Ltd. of Montreal after she married 35-year-old Angus Brown, General Bank.

"I didn't think it was relevant."

—Former Atomic Energy of Canada president

J. Louis Grey, explaining to the Commons' public accounts committee why he had not earlier mentioned he had received a \$20,000 consulting fee from a Dallas firm involved in a sale of an AECI nuclear reactor to Argentina.

"For instance, to give a first down, a team has to carry the ball 10 yards. By agreeing that the aim be 20 yards, the teams would have to cover a greater distance."

—Stanley Yalk on Ottawa metric commission official, arguing that the Canadian Football League going metric would make football "more exciting."

"We can't these guys just go hunting and fishing like we used to do in the old days?"

—Calgary Stampede's coach Jack Gotta, after linebacker Milt Lemours appeared nude in a magazine for housewives.

"I can take all the time I want to show the people that I can run the country."

—Pierre Trudeau, after losing 22 of 25 legislatures.

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# Blue Boy and Blue Jeans Boy

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They took their elegant life style for granted. Indeed, for them, it had been granted. Born to well-connected families, these 'pampered darlings' of the 1700's were the young beneficiaries of a vast, rich empire upon which the sun of the 18th century never set. Their security was assured by Inheritance, family name, and a social system regulated to the benefit of their select few.

Today's Blue Jean Boy may be amused by the extravagant life style of the 18th century and its unbalanced social system that might



have prevented him from sharing in its benefits. But the two hundred years of progress that brought greater opportunity for us all, have also brought many new complexities.

Today, tomorrow's security cannot be assured by current wealth or family connections. Each of us must create a plan that will continue to keep our families in the life style we take for granted, when we are no longer earning to provide it.

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